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PREFACE.

The storms have it all their own way as it nears Christmastide. The days are dark and the nights long. Yet how does it happen that the children call it merry?

They liked the summer, with boats upon the water, tents in the woods, play-houses upon the lawn, ponies galloping through shady country roads, books upon the shelf, school doors locked, strawberries in the garden, cherry trees to climb, nuts to gather, and fresh air and sun-burn the common property of all. Still, they never thought of calling those days "merry;" strange to say, they reserve that pleasant word for these days of snows and howling winds.

And shall I tell you why? I believe it is because winter without compels people to the fairyland of books within. In dim corners secret doors are opened, and wonderland is spread before our eyes.

That land, we know, is the one where people wear wishing-caps, invisible cloaks, shoes of swiftness, swords of sharpness; where Aladdin's lamp is in every hand, and a magic carpet is ready at any instant to take passengers round the world for an airing. Those advantages were very great in the times of dragons and griffins, but what better magic carpet can the little nineteenth-century children desire than the one on the floor of mother's room, or upon the home sitting-room, where the children play? With the right spirit, and the right book, even in humbler homes, where the floors are bare and cold, a bit of worn rug may become enchanted. All that is necessary is to place the feet upon it—meanwhile studying the charmed page—and it rises aloft, floating hitherward and thitherward to every land under the sun. The boy can make easy voyage to Robinson Crusoe's island, where he may wander at will, without so much as leaving a foot-print in the sand; or can go to the aid of the doughty Jack in hacking the giant Cormoran with a pick axe until he tumbles into the pit; or can make haste to get to the spot in time to take a hand at the ropes in strangling old Blunderbore, or can halt to see the Welsh giant cheated, as he hammers away at the block of wood in the bed, believing it to be Jack. The girl will like nothing better than to ride to that old English forest, where the poor babes walk hand in hand, until tired and heart-broken, they lie down, and the robins cover them with leaves; or she will choose to be wafted to where the grim old wolf, with granny's night-cap on, lies with just the point of his wily nose peeping from under the coverlid, thinking what a nice, sweet morsel Red Riding Hood will make.

As to invisible cloaks and wishing-caps, and the like, why, each boy's jacket is his invisible cloak, and each girl's apron hers, and, wearing them in the most every-day fashion, they can find their way straight to fairy land. The boy goes to his book-shelf and at once he reaches the palace that was reared in a single night; he sits at Arthur's Round Table and listens to the brave wit; Queen Guinevere ties a favor in his button hole; he rides at tournament; rescues a lovely lady, and slays the knight who would carry her off. His little sister, meanwhile, seeks the palace of the Sleeping

PREFACE.

Beauty, passes the stupid sentinels asleep, and enters that very chamber where the Princess lies; or she stands, unnoticed, in the presence of Blue Beard, even while his distracted wife is crying:

"Sister Anna, sister Anna, do you see anybody coming?"

So much for the power of the jacket, or the apron, to the wanderers in wonderland, if only this potent book be in the pocket.

And more than this: The porcelain-shaded gas-jets, the bright lamps round which the children gather in the evening, and even the single candles which orphan boys burn in their garrets, are quite equal to Aladdin's lamp, provided only that they shine upon the proper page. By their light the children enter the gardens where the blossoms are stars and the fruit jewels; they see Whittington bruising his bare feet on the stones of London streets, while the Bow bells ring, "turn again;" Cinderella's pumpkin coach rolls into sight with its mice horses, and its lizard coachman, and her glass slippers twinkle as she alights and enters the ball room; Tom Thumb with his oak-leaf hat, and shoes tied with eye-lashes, trips across the pages; and, timid as the child may be, she goes by that light, down into the caves of the red dwarfs, and finds their treasures; and she hears the bellow of the ogre, and is not afraid.

Thus we see what a story-book can do, and it is because Santa Claus brings them so plentifully at Christmas time that that time is so merry. Let the storms bluster as they will; let the sun hide and the days be short; have not all nations through all ages preserved these significant stories and kept alive the seeds of song in them, on purpose to brighten the children's lives?

No days can be dreary when stories are plentiful. And it may add a piquant zest to a tale to know that generations ago some little brown-cheeked Italian child heard and loved it, as is true of "Cinderella;" or that Hindoo boys and girls delighted in its hazard, as is true of "The Three Bears;" or that dusky Tartars as well as flaxen-haired Norse children enjoyed its marvels, as is true of "Jack and the Bean Stalk." All our familiar fairy tales are of older growth, as well as of wider import, than many of us take time to understand.

After the child has heard their music until his ears are familiar with every strain, and has grown with years into the poet or philosopher, he discovers a strange meaning in them, and a kinship in their melody to the higher songs of the people, and thereby learns that Child Lore has as deep a root in human history as has the larger Folk Lore. It is as the child to the man—father to it.

When the infant imagination has grasped the nursery tale, it has taken its first lesson in poetry. From it the boy learns courage and the girl trust and cheerfulness—because the one finds a hero in the fearless lad who outwits and conquers giants, and the other sees the lovely dress and the ball and the Prince fall to the fortune of the motherless little toiler in a kitchen, because she had done her tasks well. So it can be seen that these little common tales are not idle as to a moral.

May whatever Christmas-eve evergreen bears our little Child Lore as one of its golden apples, or whatever stocking may be hung for it when Santa Claus goes by, or whatever mail may carry it to some distant home, bring a happy heart to the child who gets it, as well as a Merry Christmas.

NOTES—HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL.

ALADDIN.

The seeds from which have grown and blossomed the wild and wonderful tales of the Arabian Nights were sown far back in the winter of the world, even before our most ancient myths had any form or record. Their first visible growth was among the Aryans, of whom we only obtain such trace as scholars find in the fragments of their language in the ancient sacred books of the Hindoos and Persians. Their authorship, and the period of their production, are wholly matters of doubt, though the best authorities place the year 1450 as the probable time of their appearance. There is, however, internal evidence of earlier existence, and our collection of the Tales is, without doubt, only a part or modification of a much older work. We owe our acquaintance with them to Antoine Galland, a once poor French boy, who, after he had reached manhood, in 1679, was sent to the East to collect manuscripts for a celebrated scholar. He then procured these stories, and translated them in part, since which they have become the delightful inheritance of all civilized children.

THE THREE BEARS.

This story bears a likeness to a well-known ancient one about the Rakshas, or Ogres of India, and is probably a sister to it, or, at least, first cousin. These Rakshas are creatures which assume so many shapes, that all things which are to be dreaded, take their name. They are usually powerful and stupid, like our Ogres, yet are occasionally relenting and kind-hearted. I suppose the little Indian children beg for a Raksha story where ours beg for a bear story; in both cases from the universal child-appetite for horrors and dangers.

TOM THUMB.

Tom Thumb is an omnipresent little fellow and figures in many countries. In Scandinavia he is a dwarf—the Thaumlin, or little Thumb of the Northmen; in France he is “Le Petite Paucet,” while an old ballad tells us that “Tom a Lyn is a Scottsman born.” But he has an English lineage, also, which is of sufficient antiquity to satisfy us. In 1599, Richard Johnson published a history of him with the following title: “The most pleasant history of Tom a Lincoln, that ever-renowned soldier, the Red Rose Knight, surnamed the Boast of England, showing his honorable victories in foreign countries, with his strange fortunes in Faery Land, and how he married Anglittera, daughter to Prestor John, that renowned Monarch of the World.” For so small a theme this was a great title, yet so general a favorite may fitly be ushered in with a “fine volley of words.”

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK.

The Russians have a story where the bean falling to the ground grows in a single night to the sky, and an old man climbs up into it and from its top sees everything. It is quite possible that the great Norse tree, Yggdrasil, is embodied in this little bean stalk, or the top of that grew into heaven. In the Hindoo stories, beans are the symbol of abundance; and when Jack's mother threw the beans out of the window, some of them must have blown over into Hindoostan, for there, too, just such a story as this has root, and grows.

BLUE BEARD.

This redoubtable hero is not altogether a legendary character, for the original was Giles de Laval, Lord of Rais, who was made Marshal of France in 1429. He had the reputation of being something of a sorcerer, and it was said of him that he deliberately attached people to himself for the purpose of getting their blood to use in his charms and incantations. The story, as we have it, was originally written in French by Charles Perrault. There is a strong resemblance between it and the third calendar in the Arabian Nights.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

In the German version she is called little Red Cap. Students of the origin and signification of myths, discover wide and varied meanings in this favorite story. One of the prettiest is, that Red Riding Hood is the Sun, and the old grandmother the Earth, to whom the Sun brings warmth and comfort. Winter is the black wolf, which devours the earth and wraps the Sun in the bed blanket of fog and mist, with the purpose of destroying her. But the huntsman, or Spring, comes along, slays Winter, and rescues the Sun. See by this, how much meaning and poetry may be hidden in a mere fable.

THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.

This appears to be only another form of the legend of the Dawn and the Sun; the maiden, Dawn, wakes when the Prince, the Sun, kisses her cheek. The hundred years signifies the Night, in which all things sleep.

NOTES.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

Whether there was any "Puss in Boots" previous to the one Straparola, an Italian, wrote for the little sixteenth century children, we cannot really determine. Charles Perrault, famous through like works, put it into French, and from him we get it directly.

CINDERELLA.

The story of Cinderella is told in all the languages of Europe. It is, in its variously modified forms, as ancient as history. The Hindoos have it in "The Rajah's Daughter;" and the lost slipper was known to the early Greeks in the legend of "Rhodope," or the rosy-cheeked. The little Italian child listens to it under the name of the "Golden Slipper." It is believed to embody the myth of the Sun and the Dawn. Cinderella is the Dawn, dark and in obscurity when away from the Sun; kept out of sight by her envious sisters, the Clouds, and her stepmother, the Night, while the Prince is the Morning Sun, ever in pursuit of her to make her his bride. She is the Ushas of the Aryans, and the Aurora of the Greeks.

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

These adventures are ascribed to Richard Whittington, a wealthy citizen of London, sheriff in 1393, and afterward Lord Mayor; but, as the story has several prototypes, it is quite possible that his character was enriched by the popular imagination from some legendary source. According to Halliwell, there is a Persian story of the tenth century, of Keis, the son of a poor widow, who became wealthy and great through the services of his cat, and there is also a Portuguese tale of the same import. It is well to remember, however, that whatever romance attaches to the name of Whittington, the real man was one given to large charities and extensive benevolence.

JACK AND JILL.

Jack and Jill have no distinctive recorded history beyond that which the English nursery rhyme accords them. This must have been founded, as most of such rhymes were, upon some local incident, and has been perpetuated because of an inherent charm or interest in it, which children understand, yet which is not easily analyzed or comprehended by older people.

BO-PEEP.

There is a game of great antiquity, in which children hide from each other and cry:

"Bo-Peep, little Bo-Peep,

Now's the time for hide and seek."

Old writers say that sheep seemed to be early connected with this game, and this is another version of the same:

"Bo-Peep, little Bo-Peep,

Now's the time to find your sheep."

In play with infants, Bo-Peep appears to be a favorite synonym for hiding, though modern mothers change the exclamation to Peep-Bo.

HOP O' MY THUMB.

This is often confounded with Tom Thumb, and is, no doubt, but one of the many versions of that hero's history. It illustrates the delightful theory that the apparently puny and helpless may in emergencies prove the salvation and support of the strong. For that reason it offers a commendable example to children, of what courage and keen wit can do toward triumphing over formidable and seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Addison says of this tale, in the old original ballad, crude and tame as it is in form and language, "It is the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age." It is by some supposed to be the disguised story of the murder of his nephews by Richard III, and is essentially English.

CHILD LORE.



I SEE a little group about my chair,
Lovers of stories all !
First, Saxon Edith, of the corn-silk hair,
Growing so strong and tall ;

Then little brother, on whose sturdy face
Soft baby dimples fly,
As fear or pleasure give each other place
When wonders multiply ;

Then Gold-locks — summers nine their goldenest
Have showered on her head,
And tinted it, of all the colors best,
Warm robin-red-breast red ;

Then, close at hand, on lowly haunches set,
With pricked-up, tasseled ear,
Is Tony, little clear-eyed spaniel pet,
Waiting, like them, to hear.

I say I have no story — all are told !
Not to be daunted thus,
They only crowd more confident and bold,
And laugh, incredulous.

And so, remembering how, once on a time,
I, too, loved such delights,
I choose this one, and put it into rhyme,
From the "Arabian Nights."



A poor little lad was Aladdin !
His mother was wretchedly poor ;
A widow, who scarce ever had in
Her cupboard enough of a store
To frighten the wolf from the door.

No doubt he was quite a fine fellow
For the country he lived in — but, ah !
His skin was a dull, dusky yellow,
And his hair was as long as 'twould grow.
('Tis the fashion in China, you know.)

But however he looked, or however
He fared, a strange fortune was his.
None of you, dears, though fair-faced and clever,
Can have anything like to this,
So grand and so marvellous it is !

Well, one day — for so runs the tradition —
While idling and lingering about
The low city streets, a Magician
From Africa, swarthy and stout,
With his wise, prying eyes spied him out,



And went up to him very politely,
And asked what his name was and cried :
“My lad, if I judge of you rightly,
You’re the son of my brother who died —
My poor Mustafa !” — and he sighed.

“Ah, yes, Mustafa was my father,”
Aladdin cried back, “and he’s dead !”
“Well, then, both yourself and your mother
I will care for forever,” he said,
“And you never shall lack wine nor bread.”

And thus did the wily old wizard
Deceive with his kindness the two
For a deed of dark peril and hazard
He had for Aladdin to do,
At the risk of his life, too, he knew.



Far down in the earth’s very centre
There burned a strange lamp at a shrine ;
Great stones marked the one place to enter ;
Down under t’was dark as a mine ;
What further — no one could divine !

And that was the treasure Aladdin
Was sent to secure. First he tore
The huge stones away, for he had in
An instant the strength of a score ;
Then he stepped through the cavern-like door.

Down, down, through the darkness so chilly !
On, on, through the long galleries !
Coming now upon gardens of lilies,
And now upon fruit-burdened trees,
Filled full of the humming of bees.

But, ah, should one tip of his finger
Touch aught as he passed, it was death !
Not a fruit on the boughs made him linger,
Nor the great heaps of gold underneath.
But on he fled, holding his breath,



Until he espied, brightly burning,
The mystical lamp in its place !
He plucked the hot wick out, and, turning,
With triumph and joy in his face,
Set out his long way to retrace.

At last he saw where daylight shed a
Soft ray through a chink overhead,
Where the crafty Magician was ready
To catch the first sound of his tread.
“Reach the lamp up to me, first !” he said.

Aladdin with luck had grown bolder,
And he cried, “Wait a bit, and we’ll see !”
Then with huge, ugly push of his shoulder,
And with strong, heavy thrust of his knee,
The wizard — so angry was he —

Pried up the great rock, rolled it over
The door with an oath and a stamp ;
" Stay there under that little cover,
And die of the mildew and damp,"
He shouted, " or give me the lamp !"

Aladdin saw darkness fall o'er him ;
He clutched at the lamp in his hand,
And, happening to rub it, before him
A Genius stood, stately and grand.
Whence he came he could not understand.

" I obey you," it said, " and whatever
You ask for, or wish, you shall have !
Rub the lamp but the least bit soever,
It calls me, for I am its slave !"
Aladdin said, " Open this cave !"

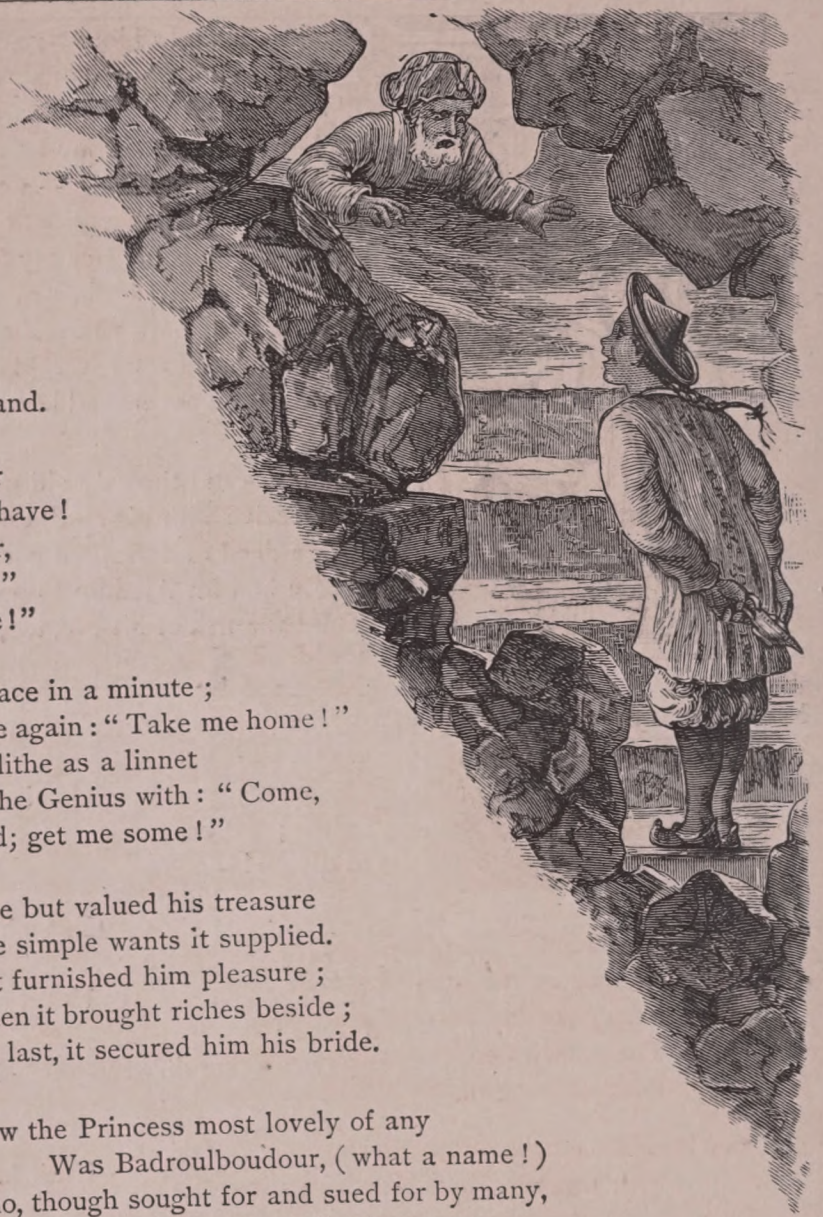
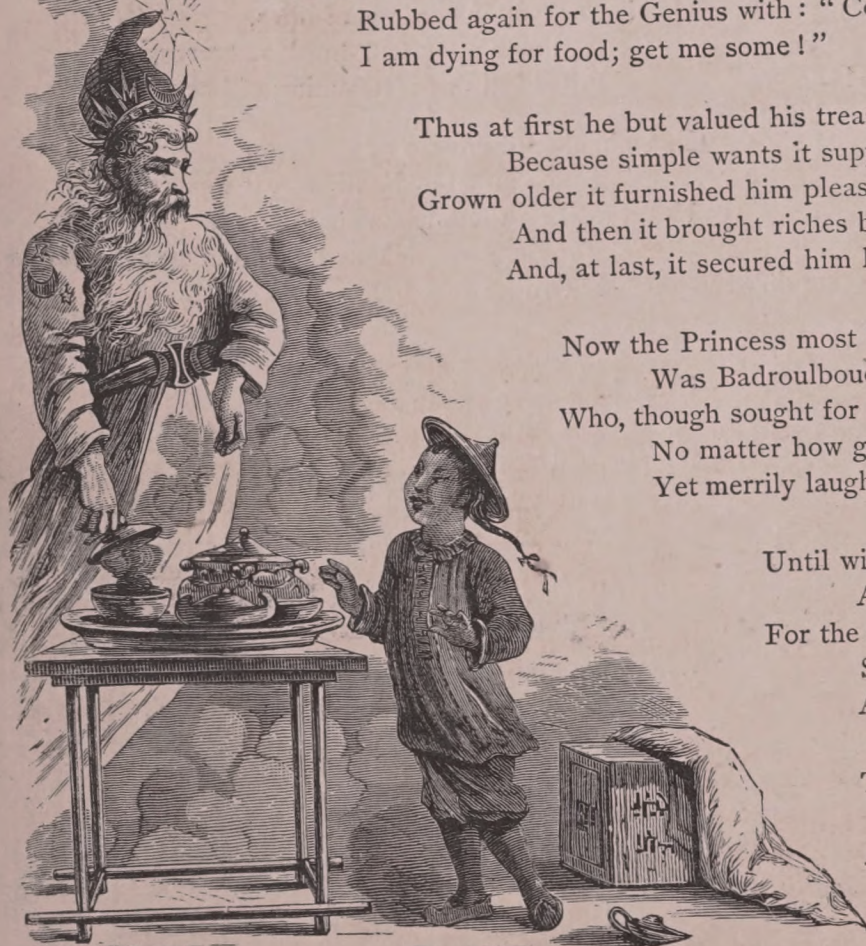
He was freed from the place in a minute ;
And he rubbed once again : " Take me home !"
Home he was. And as blithe as a linnet
Rubbed again for the Genius with : " Come,
I am dying for food; get me some !"

Thus at first he but valued his treasure
Because simple wants it supplied.
Grown older it furnished him pleasure ;
And then it brought riches beside ;
And, at last, it secured him his bride.

Now the Princess most lovely of any
Was Badroulboudour, (what a name !)
Who, though sought for and sued for by many,
No matter how grandly they came,
Yet merrily laughed them to shame,

Until with his riches and splendor,
Aladdin as lover enrolled !
For the first thing he did was to send her
Some forty great baskets of gold,
And all the fine gems they would hold.

Then he built her a palace, set thickly
With jewels at window and door ;
And all was completed so quickly
She saw bannered battlements soar
Where was nothing an hour before.





There millions of servants attended,
Black slaves and white slaves, thick as bees,
Obedient, attentive, and splendid
In purple and gold liveries,
Fine to see, swift to serve, sure to please !

Him she wedded. They lived without trouble
As long as the lamp was their own ;
But one day, like the burst of a bubble,
The palace and Princess were gone ;
Without wings to fly they had flown !

And Aladdin, dismayed to discover
That the lamp had been stolen away,
Bent all of his strength to recover
The treasure, and day after day,
He journeyed this way and that way ;

And at last, after terrible hazard,
After many a peril and strife,
He found that the vengeful old wizard,
Who had made the attempt on his life,
Had stolen lamp, princess and wife.

With a shrewdness which would have done credit
To even a Yankee boy, he
Sought the lamp where the wizard had hid it,
And, turning a mystical key,
Brought it forth, and then, rubbing with glee,

"Back to China !" he cried. In a minute
The marvellous palace uprose,
With the Princess Badroulboudour in it
Unruffled in royal repose,
With her jewels and cloth-of-gold clothes ;

And with gay clouds of banners and towers,
With its millions of slaves, white and black,
It was borne by obedient Powers,
As swift as the wind on its track,
And ere one could count ten it was back !

And ever thereafter, Aladdin
Clung close to the lamp of his fate,
Whatever the robe he was clad in,
Or whether he fasted or ate ;
And at all hours, early and late !
Right lucky was Lord Aladdin !

JINGLES.



SING, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag
string.

Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two.

WHAT are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails and puppy-dogs' tails,
That's what little boys are made of, made of.
What are little girls made of, made of,
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
And that's what little girls are made of, made of.

LITTLE Dicky Dilver
Had a wife of silver;
He took a stick and broke her back,
And threw her in the river.
Fine stockings, fine shoes,
Double ruffle round her neck,
And not a dress to wear.

A row of playfellows are frequently counted by the use of the following words, the one upon whom "out" falls having to serve as "catcher" or "seeker," in games of speed or hiding.

KEETUM, peetum, peeny pie,
Populorum, gingum gie,
East, West, North, South,
Kirby, Kendal, cock him out!

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh, it was all ladened
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold;



And four and twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four and twenty white mice
With chains about their necks;

The captain was a duck
With a jacket on his back,
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "quack! quack!"



And the Father Bear's bed
Was as hard as a stone,
And the Mother Bear's bed
Was as hard as a stone ;
But the Baby Bear's bed
Was so soft she lay down,
And before she could wink was asleep.

By and by came the scratch
Of old Father Bear's claw,
And the fumbling knock
Of old Mother Bear's paw,
And the latch string flew up,
And the Baby Bear saw
That a stranger had surely been there.

Then Father Bear cried,
"Who's been sitting in my chair?"
And Mother Bear cried,
"Who's been sitting in *my* chair?"
And Baby Bear smiled,
"Who's been sitting in my chair,
And broken it all into pieces?"



Then Father Bear growled,
"Who's been tasting of my milk?"
And Mother Bear growled,
"Who's been tasting of *my* milk?"
And Baby Bear wondered,
"Who's tasted of my milk,
And tasting has drank it all up?"



And Father Bear roared,
"Who's been lying on my bed?"
And Mother Bear roared,
"Who's been lying on *my* bed?"
And Baby Bear laughed,
"Who's been lying on my bed?
O, here she is, fast asleep!"

The savage old Father Bear cried,
"Let us eat her!"
The savage old Mother Bear cried,
"Let us eat her!"
But the Baby Bear said,
"Nothing ever was sweeter.
Let's kiss her, and send her home!"

JINGLES.

The saying of these rhymes rapidly, in concert, or singly, without any mispronunciation, is a favorite diversion among children:

ROBERT Rowley rolled a round roll round,
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round ;
Where rolled the round roll that Robert Rowley
rolled round ?



PETER Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked ;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where is the peck of pickled peppers that Peter
Piper picked ?

ASWAN swam over the sea,
Swim, swan, swim ;
Swan swam back again,
Well swam, swan.

MY grandmother sent me a new-fashioned
Three-cornered cambric country-cut hand-
kerchief —

Not an old-fashioned three-cornered cambric
Country-cut handkerchief, but a new-fashioned
Three-cornered cambric country-cut handkerchief.

THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then ?
Poor thing !

He'll sit in the barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing !

I HAVE been to market, my lady, my lady ;
Then you've not been to the fair, says pussy,
Says pussy.

I bought me a rabbit, my lady, my lady ;
Then you did not buy a hare, says pussy,
Says pussy.

I roasted it, my lady, my lady ;
Then you did not boil it, says pussy,
Says pussy.

I ate it, my lady, my lady ;
And I'll eat you, says pussy,
Says pussy !

POLLY put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on
And we'll all take tea.

Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
They're all gone away.

JINGLES.

The following collection contains riddles which have always been favorites with small children for generations:

(Sunshine.)

HICK-a-more, hack-a-more,
On the king's kitchen door ;
All the king's horses,
And all the king's men,
Could not drive hick-a-more, hack-a-more,
Off the king's kitchen door !

(Gloves.)

AS I was going o'er London Bridge,
I met a cart full of fingers and thumbs !

(A storm of wind.)

ARTHUR O'Bower has broken his band,
And he comes roaring up the land ;
The King of Scots, with all his power,
Could not turn Arthur O'Bower.

(A well.)

AS round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.

One — the speaker himself.

AS I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits ;
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives ?

(A pair of tongs.)

LONG legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.

(Teeth and gums.)

THIRTY white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they
stand still.

(Coals.)

BLACK we are, but much admired,
Men seek for us till they are tired ;
We tire the horse, but comfort man ;
Tell me this riddle if you can.

(An egg.)

HUMPTY-dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-dumpty had a greatfall,
Three-score men, and three-score more,
Cannot make humpty-dumpty as he was
before.

(A plumb pudding.)

FLOUR of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain,
Put in a bag tied round with a string ;
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a ring

(A star.)

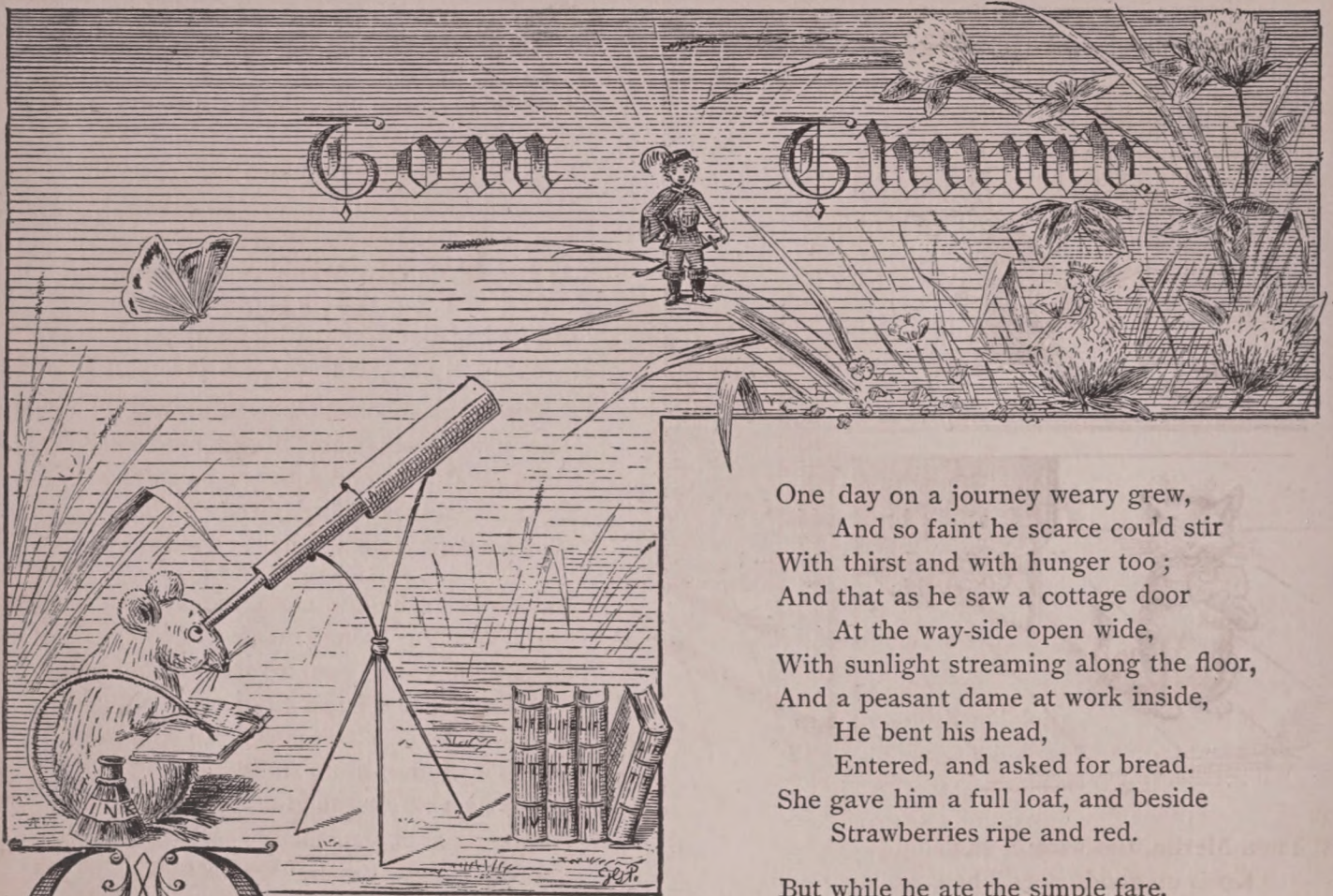
IHAVE a little sister, they call her peep, peep ;
She wades in the water, deep, deep, deep ;
She climbs the mountains, high, high, high ;
Poor little creature, she has but one eye !

(A candle.)

LITTLE Nan Etticoat
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose ;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.



DING, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well !
Who put her in ?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out ?
Big Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.



One day on a journey weary grew,
And so faint he scarce could stir
With thirst and with hunger too ;
And that as he saw a cottage door
At the way-side open wide,
With sunlight streaming along the floor,
And a peasant dame at work inside,
He bent his head,
Entered, and asked for bread.
She gave him a full loaf, and beside
Strawberries ripe and red.

But while he ate the simple fare,
And the good wife stood by,
He noted her face was worn with care,
And a tear stood in her eye.
He questioned her what her grief might be,
And heavily sighed she,
"Alas, I have no little one !"
"And would you happy be,"
Grave Merlin asked, "if you had a son ?"
"Ah, yes" — most joyfully —
"Even though no bigger than my thumb were he."

WHEN good King Arthur ruled
the land,
(You all have heard of the
king

Who stole three pecks of barley meal
To make a bag-pudding ?

Well, that was he ; yet in his hand
He bore a lance
Whose stroke or glance

The bravest knight could not withstand)
One day in his realm a child was born,
So tiny and small — indeed
He was not as big as a grain of corn,
But only as big as a mustard seed ;

A puny wight,
A speck, a mite,
An atom merely, a dot, a crumb —
That baby was Tom Thumb.

The story goes — 'tis a pretty tale —
That Merlin, the sorcerer,



TOM THUMB.



From the crown of his head to his feet ;
And she christened him Tom Thumb.

And what were the clothes by the fairies
wrought,

Which the good Queen brought ?
Why, there was an oak leaf for a hat,
And the shirt the spiders had spun ;
And the little coat from a thistle-down
Was deftly done ;

The stockings, cut from an apple rind,
Were made to tie
With eyelash plucked from his mother's eye ;
The boots were shaped from a mouse's skin,
Softly tanned with the hair within ;
But the quaintest thing in the elfin lot
Was a sword from a cambric needle wrought.

As time went by, the atom, the crumb,
The rogue Tom Thumb,
Grew nimble, and cunning, bright, and wise,
But not one bit in size ;
He could hide in a thimble, and could sit
Out of the sun in the shade of it ;
Could dance a reel, with caper and swing,
On the palm of your hand ; and he could sing
Country songs, that one might think
The shrill of a cricket in some chink.

Then Merlin, the wizard, smiled ;
"Keep up good cheer" he said,
As he ate from the strawberry dish
The last one ripe and red,
"For you shall have your wish —
You shall have the little child."

Then he went to a Fairy Queen,
Who lived in a meadow green
Under a four-leaved clover ;
She laughed at the funny thought,
When they talked the matter over,
And gaily said, "why not?"

And so, as they two decreed,
In time a child was born,
Not half as big as a grain of corn,
But more like a mustard seed ;
And the clothes his mother had supplied
Were far too long, and far too wide.

Then the Fairy Queen from the meadow green
Made haste to come ;
And she brought him a wardrobe, all complete

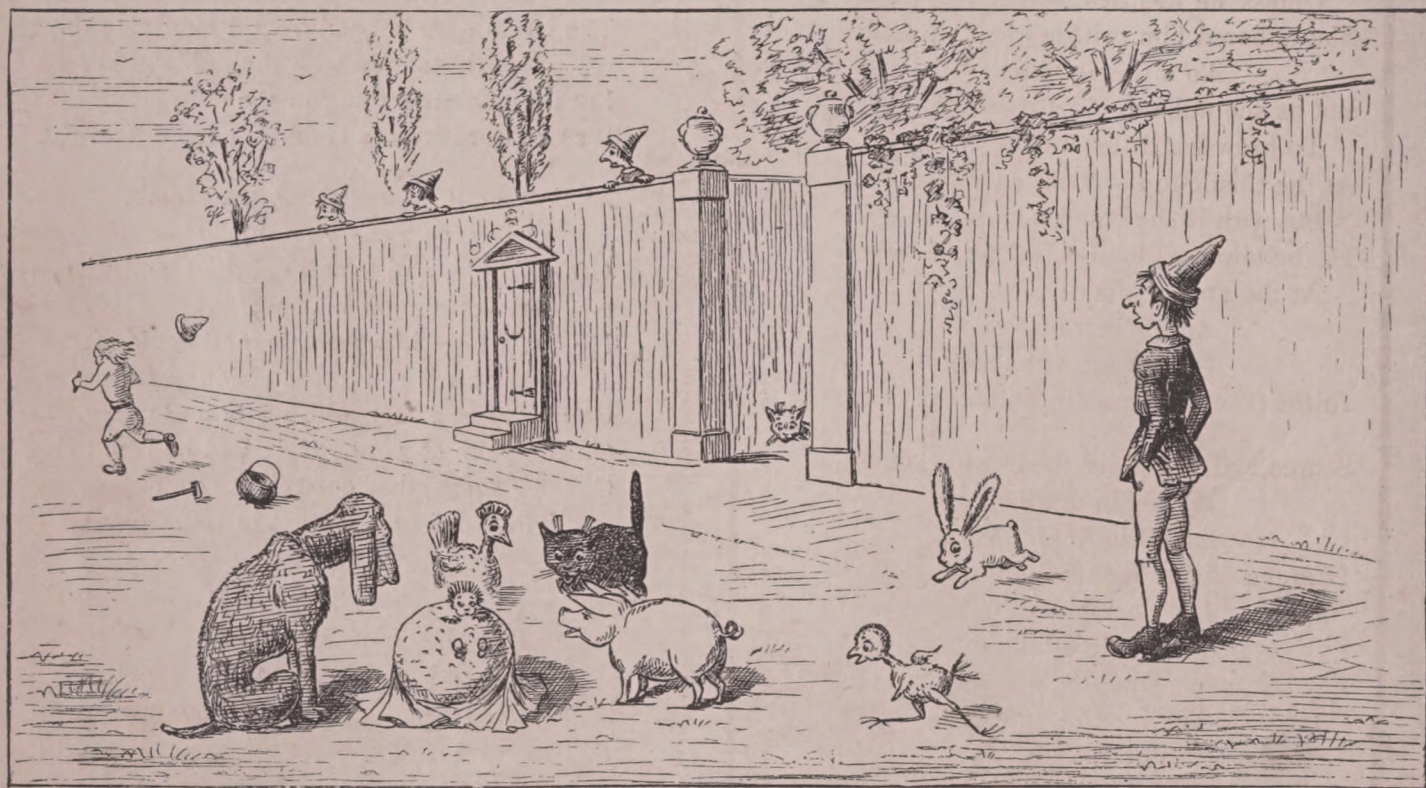


TOM THUMB.

One day, there was something very droll
Happened to Tom. In a big round bowl
His mother was stirring a pudding batter,
Nor ever noticed a thing the matter;
While Tom, who was peeping above the rim,
To see if mischief was there for him,
Fell in, head first;
Nor was that the worst,
For his mother mixed him into the dough,
With a sudden sweep of her spoon, and—O!—
Put all in the bag, then all in the pot

Where the water was bubbling, boiling hot!
Be sure Tom plunged and kicked as he fell,
And spattered the water well!

Greatly amazed,
The mother gazed
As the pudding was tossed and tumbled and
raised.
She thought it bewitched. Just then the cry
She heard of a tinker passing by—
“Kettles to mend, old kettles to mend!”



“I’ll give him the pudding, and pretend
There’s nothing wrong,”
She said, as along
He came, with his kit of tools, and the song,
“Kettles to mend, old kettles to mend!”
He was glad of the pudding as he could be,
And, with grateful grin,
He popped it in
To his wallet, and went on merrily.

O, my! but he felt the pudding stir
As if it were

Alive; and when in the pouch he glanced,
There was no mistake—the pudding danced!
And he could hear, as it hopped about,
A feeble shout,
“O, let me out! O, let me out!”

He flung the pudding—as most of us would—
And ran away as fast as he could.
It broke, and Tom crept out and fled,
Covered with batter from foot to head;
And when he got home, he looked, for all
The world, like a dumpling coming to call.

And then again on a windy day
 When the dame went out to milk her cow,
 Fearing he might be blown away,
 Unless he was tied, somehow,
 She tethered him, with a bit of thread,
 To a thistle head.
 But as she milked, old Brindle thought
 To browse a little, and so she caught
 At the thistle-top — 'twas easy to do —
 But with it she caught Tom too !
 He bellowed as loud as a bumble-bee,
 At the great indignity,
 And in terrible fear
 Called out, " I am here,
 In the cow's red mouth, O mother dear ! "

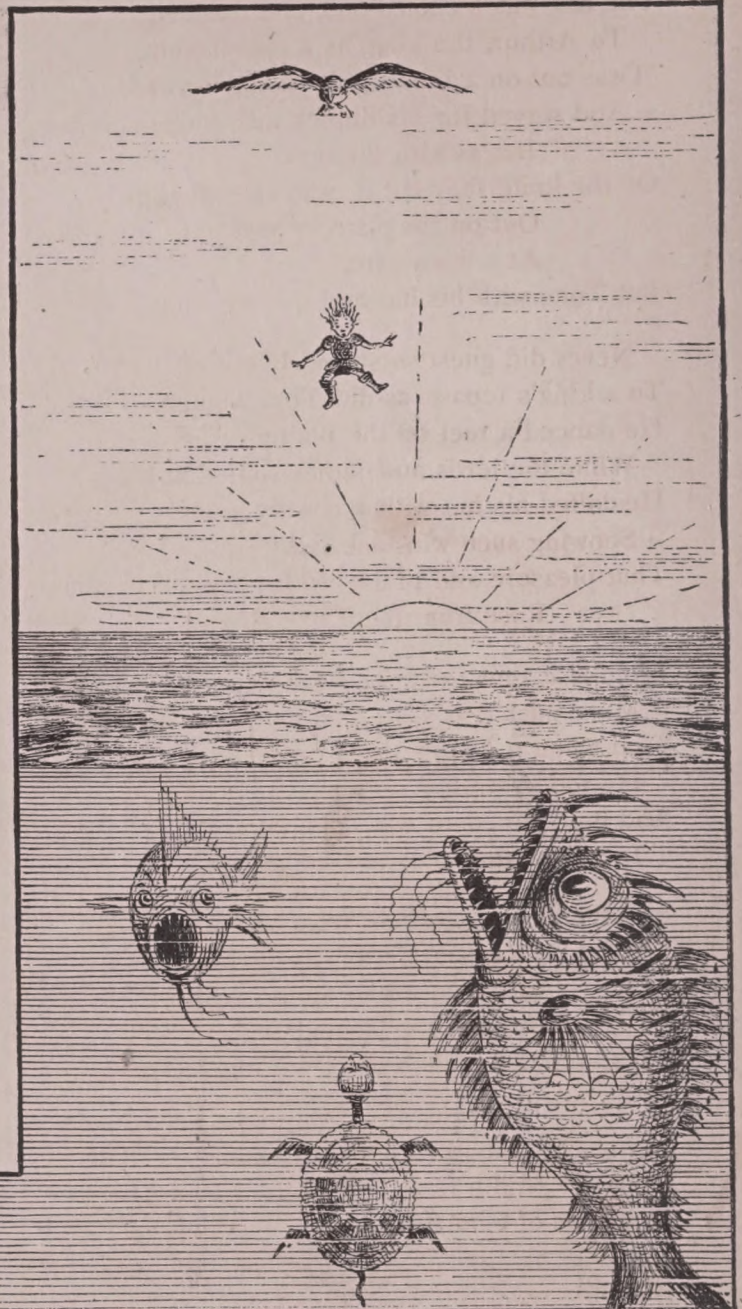
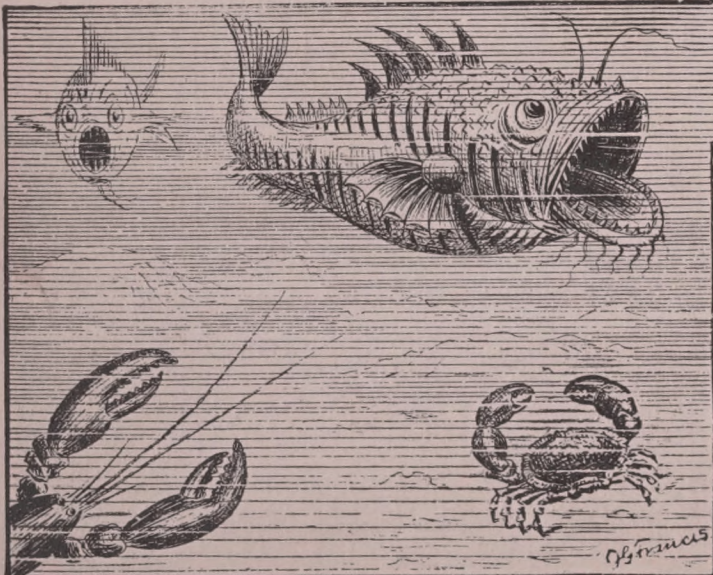
Scarce had she heard the piteous sound,
 Before, in disgust,
 Old Brindle thrust
 Him out of her mouth upon the ground.
 It seems he was quite
 Too lively a bite
 For her quiet, grass-fed appetite ;
 She liked her meals
 With fewer squeals,
 And less of elbows, and fists, and heels.



At another time, he begged to go
 With his father to plow the field ; and so
 With his oak-leaf hat on, and a strip
 Of barley straw for a driving-whip,
 He gaily ran along at his side ;
 The color and stride
 Of the little figure so dainty were
 That he looked like a green-winged grasshopper.



At first through the furrows Tom walked well,
 But at last he skipped and fell.
 Now, over the field there was hovering
 A raven with black wing
 Who, watching all with an evil eye,
 Swooped on him suddenly,
 And bore him off through the summer sky,
 And dropped him into the sea.



A huge fish swimming saw him fall,
 And thought him a June-fly — that was all.
 One shining flash,
 One sparkling splash,
 And he had swallowed the morsel small.
 A fisherman, toiling at his line,
 Saw by the leap that the fish was fine.
 A skillful cast,
 And he had him fast,
 And out of that ocean, blue and vast,
 Thus oddly Tom was brought at last.

The fish was a choice one, and was sent
 To Arthur, the king, as a compliment.
 'Twas out on a broad gold platter spread
 And served for his dinner with sauce and bread.

But as with the tip
 Of the knife they cut it, who should skip
 Out on the plate,
 At a lively rate,
 But Tom, with his hat and driving whip !

Never did guest so strangely come
 To a king's repast as did Tom Thumb.
 He danced a reel on the platter's rim
 While the lords and ladies smiled at him ;
 He doffed his hat with a courtly grace,
 Showing such winsome face
 That pleasure and praise, with murmurous sound,
 Rose from the Table Round.

From that time forth the little elf
 Made such a host of friends for himself
 That when the king abroad would go
 He rode with him on his saddle-bow ;
 And if it rained, or was cold, he crept
 Into a button-hole, and slept.

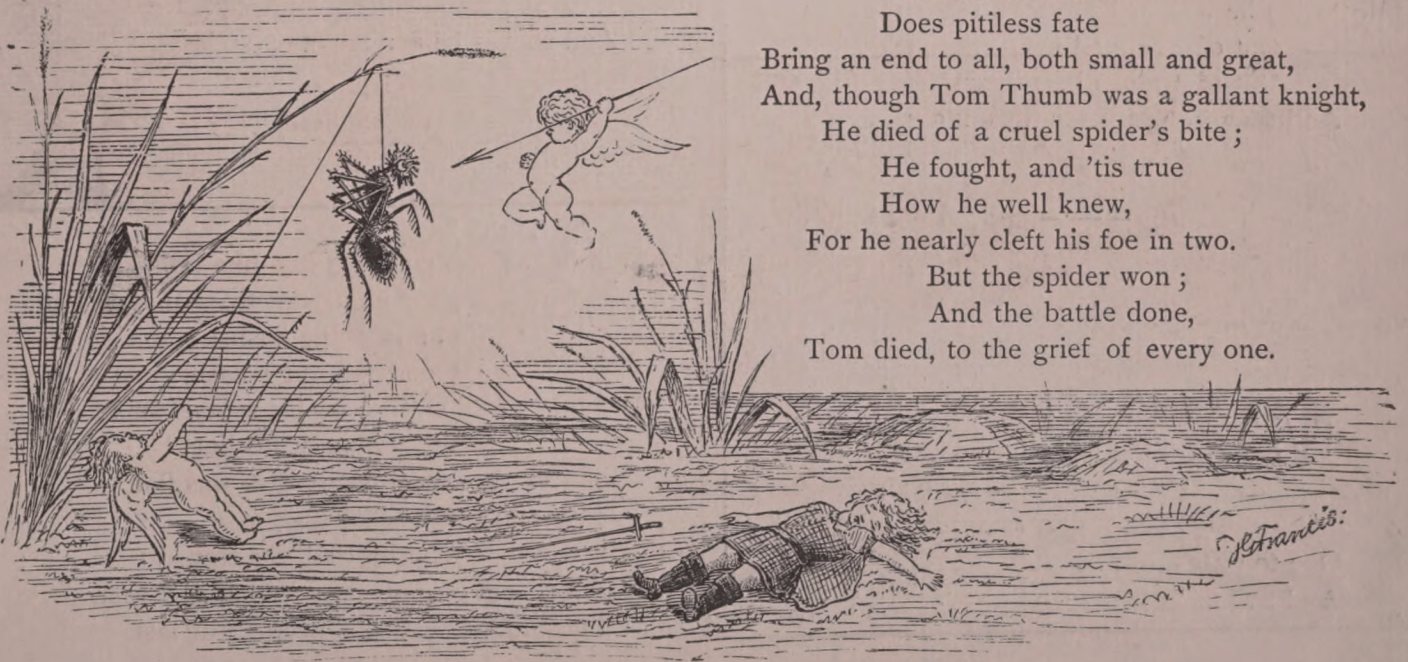
And the Queen oft-times, from her finger white
 Would draw a circlet of jewels bright,
 And Tom would spring
 Through the slender ring,
 Nor so much as touch the glittering thing.

He rode at tilt and at tournament,
 With Lancelot of the Lake ; he went



Out to the chase at gallant speed
 With a silvery-white mouse for a steed ;
 In numberless ways
 Did he win praise,
 And only for once was in disgrace ;
 And they shut him, then, for some funny freak
 In a mouse-trap dungeon for a week.

But soon or late
 Does pitiless fate
 Bring an end to all, both small and great,
 And, though Tom Thumb was a gallant knight,
 He died of a cruel spider's bite ;
 He fought, and 'tis true
 How he well knew,
 For he nearly cleft his foe in two.
 But the spider won ;
 And the battle done,
 Tom died, to the grief of every one.



JINGLES.



HHEY! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle !
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed
To see the sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon.

DOCTOR Faustus was a good man,
He whipt his scholars now and then ;
When he whipped them he made them dance
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipt them back again.

A rhyme often said on going to bed :

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on !
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head ;
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.

An old rhyme, still in common use among school-children, being
cried after one who has been detected in telling tales :

TELL tale tit !
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a bit.

Another old-time rhyme with school-children :

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad ;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice makes me mad.

BIRDS of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine ;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

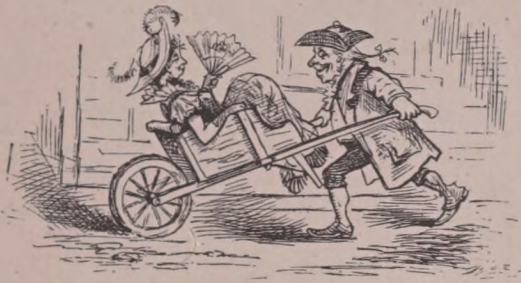
AT the battle of the Nile
I was there all the while,
I was there all the while,
At the battle of the Nile.

ROMPTY-iddity, row, row, row,
If I had a good supper I could eat it
now.

JINGLES.

WHEN I was a bachelor
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got
I put upon a shelf.

The rats and the mice
They made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London
To get me a wife.



The fields were so broad
And the lanes were so narrow,
I had to take my wife home
On a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,
My wife got a fall,
And down came wheelbarrow,
Wife and all.

DOGS in the garden, catch 'em, Towser ;
Cows in the cornfield, run, boys, run ;
Cats in the cream-pot, run, girls, run ;
Fire on the mountain, run, boys, run.

HICKUP, swicup,
Rise up, right up !
Three drops in the cup
Are good for the hiccups.

BURNIE bee, burnie bee,
Pray when will your wedding be ?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

The cock.

LOCK the dairy door,
Lock the dairy door !

The hen.

Chickle, chackle, chee,
I haven't got the key !

A favorite ditty with little children in naming the color of each other's eyes:

BLUE eye beauty,
Grey eye greedy,
Black eye blackie,
Brown eye brownie.



GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander ?
Up-stairs, down-stairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man
Who wouldn't say his prayers,
I took him by the left leg
And threw him down-stairs.

Jack and the bean stalk

Versified by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates.

A LAZY and careless boy was Jack, —
He would not work, and he would not play ;
And so poor, that the jacket on his back
Hung in a ragged fringe alway ;
But 'twas shilly-shally, dilly-dally,
From day to day.

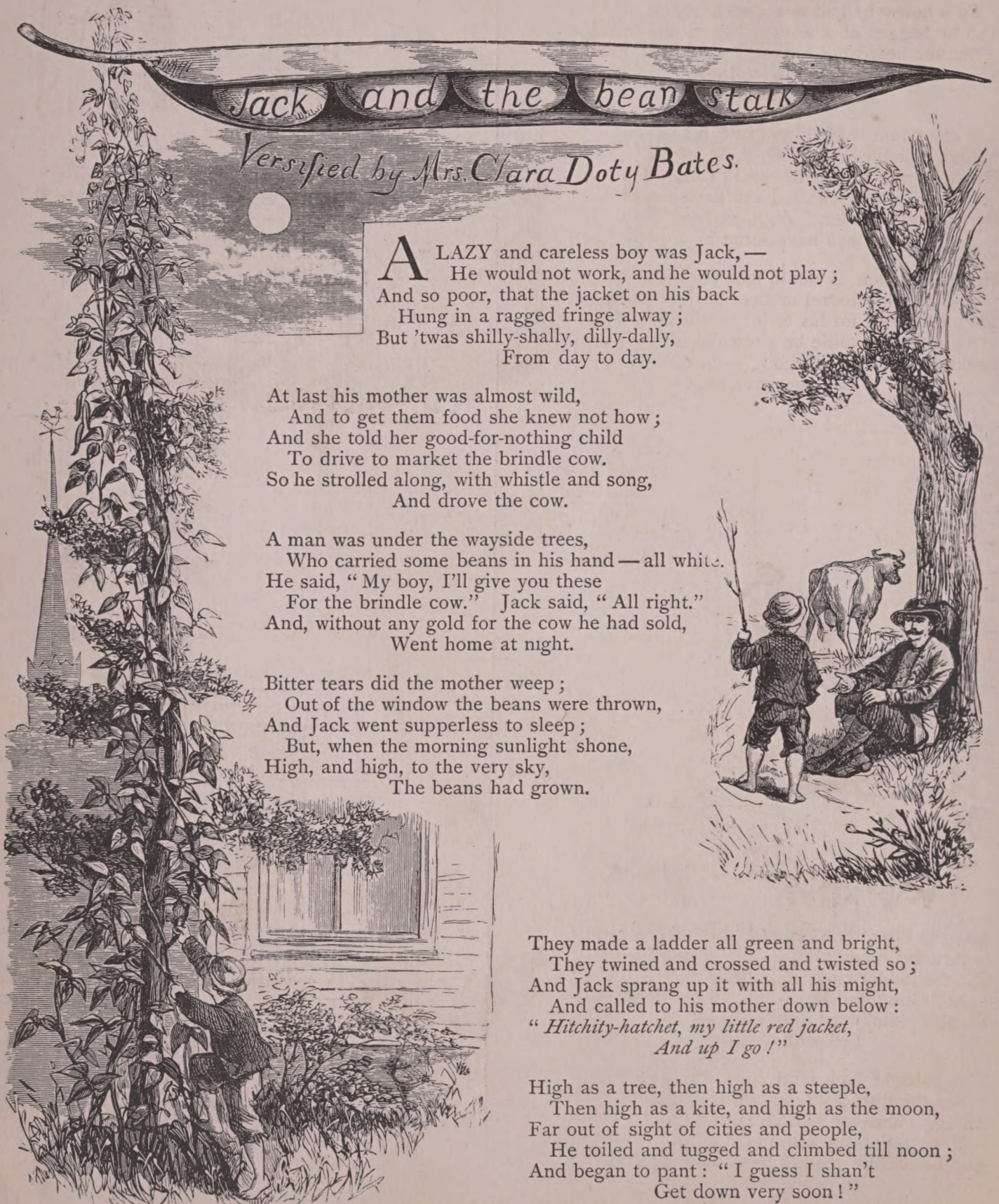
At last his mother was almost wild,
And to get them food she knew not how ;
And she told her good-for-nothing child
To drive to market the brindle cow.
So he strolled along, with whistle and song,
And drove the cow.

A man was under the wayside trees,
Who carried some beans in his hand — all white.
He said, "My boy, I'll give you these
For the brindle cow." Jack said, "All right."
And, without any gold for the cow he had sold,
Went home at night.

Bitter tears did the mother weep ;
Out of the window the beans were thrown,
And Jack went supperless to sleep ;
But, when the morning sunlight shone,
High, and high, to the very sky,
The beans had grown.

They made a ladder all green and bright,
They twined and crossed and twisted so ;
And Jack sprang up it with all his might,
And called to his mother down below :
"Hitchity-hatchet, my little red jacket,
And up I go !"

High as a tree, then high as a steeple,
Then high as a kite, and high as the moon,
Far out of sight of cities and people,
He toiled and tugged and climbed till noon ;
And began to pant : "I guess I shan't
Get down very soon !"



At last he came to a path that led
To a house he had never seen before ;
And he begged of a woman there some bread ;
But she heard her husband, the Giant, roar,
And she gave him a shove in the old brick oven,
And shut the door.

And the Giant sniffed, and beat his breast,
And grumbled low, "*Fe, fi, fo, fum !*"
His poor wife prayed he would sit and rest, —
"I smell fresh meat ! I will have some !"
He cried the louder, "*Fe, fi, fo, fum !*
I will have some."

He ate as much as would feed ten men,
And drank a barrel of beer to the dregs ;
Then he called for his little favorite hen,
As under the table he stretched his legs, —
And he roared "*Ho ! ho !*" — like a buffalo —
"Lay your gold eggs !"



She laid a beautiful egg of gold ;
And at last the Giant began to snore ;
Jack waited a minute, then, growing bold,
He crept from the oven along the floor,
And caught the hen in his arms, and then
Fled through the door.

But the Giant heard him leave the house,
And followed him out, and bellowed "*Oh-oh !*"
But Jack was as nimble as a mouse,
And sang as he rapidly slipped below :
"*Hitchity-hatchet, my little red jacket,*
And down I go !"

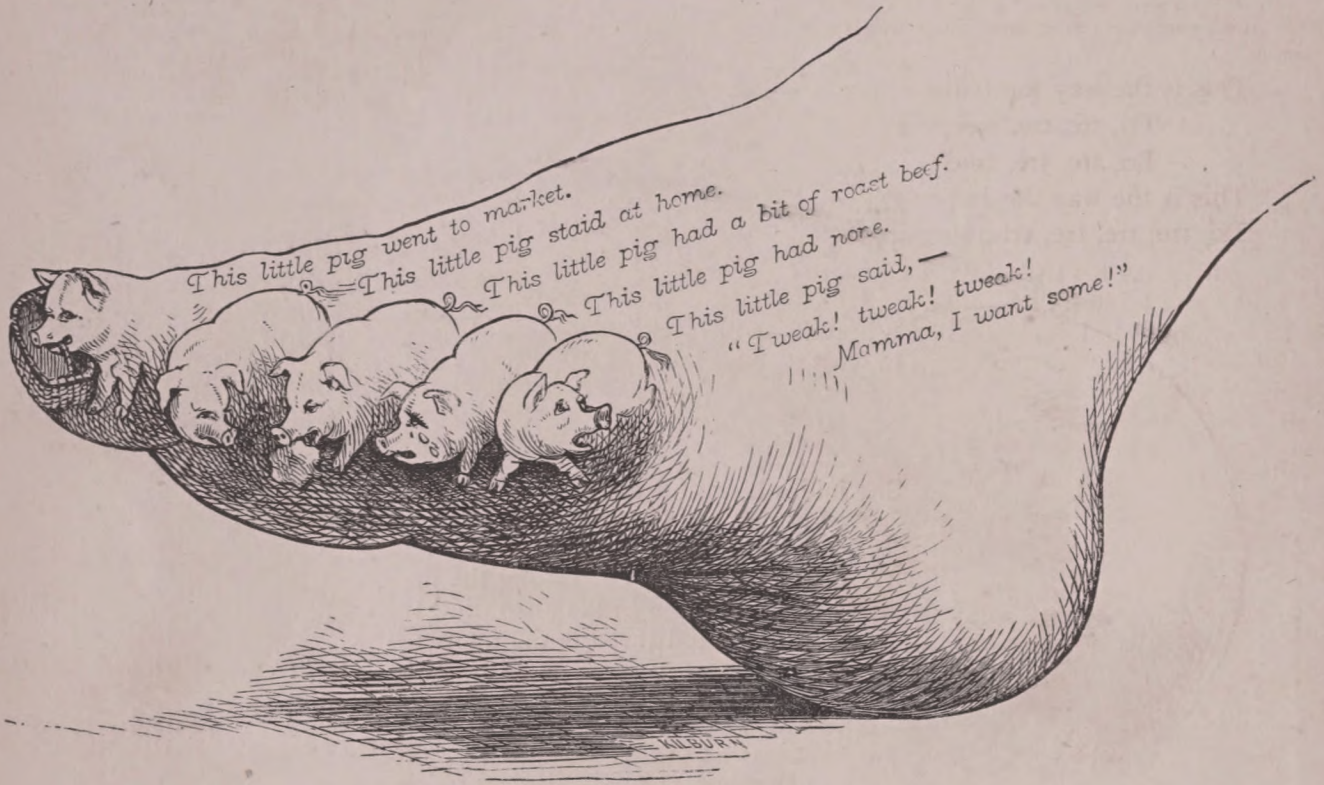


And the Giant howled, and gnashed his teeth.
Jack got down first, and, in a flash,
Cut the ladder from underneath ;
And Giant and Bean-stalk, in one dash, —
No shilly-shally, no dilly-dally, —
Fell with a crash.

This brought Jack fame, and riches, too ;
For the little gold-egg hen would lay
An egg whenever he told her to,
If he asked one fifty times a day.
And he and his mother lived with each other
In peace alway.



JINGLES.



This is a mother's game for baby's five toes or five fingers, and there are various versions of it. Besides the one in the picture, it often reads :

THIS little pig had a bit of bread and butter.
 This little pig had none,
 These little pigs say, wee, wee, wee,
 I can't find my way home.

Another form :

This pig went to the barn,
 This pig ate all the corn,
 This said he would tell,
 This said he wasn't well,
 This went week, week, week, over the door-sill.

And still another:

Let's go to the wood, says this pig ;
 What to do there ? says that pig ;
 To look for my mother, says this pig ;
 What to do with her ? says that pig ;
 Kiss her to death, says this pig.

And yet another :

This little pig says he wants some corn ;
 This little pig says he don't know where to get any ;
 This little pig says go to grandpa's barn ;
 This little pig says he can't jump over the sill ;
 This little pig comes trotting on behind
 Crying, "Wee ! wee ! wee !"

JINGLES.

Here is another game the little ones like—a merry trot on the knee. The first movement is gentle and swaying, and the second abrupt and energetic.

SO ride the gentle folks,
So ride away.
So ride the country folks,
Hoppity-jig, hoppity-jig !

The second version is more varied and elaborate in both song and movement.

This is the way the ladies ride ;
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree !
This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree !



This is the way the gentlemen ride ;
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot !
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot !

This is the way the farmers ride ;
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy !

This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hobbledy-hoy !

Another reads thus :

Trot, trot to Boston
To buy a loaf of bread !
Trot, trot home again,
And old Trot's dead !

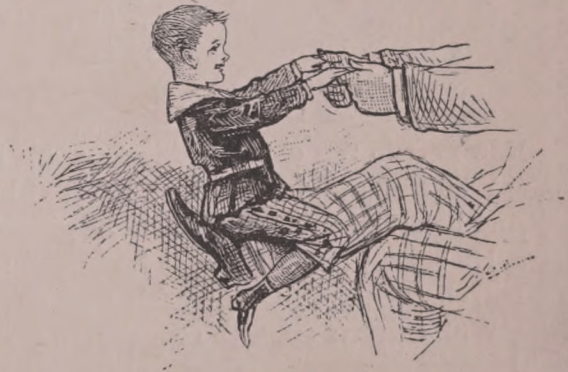


Another with still more variety of motion :

Here goes my lord,
A trot, a trot, a trot, a trot !
Here goes my lady,
A canter, a canter, a canter, a canter !
Here goes my young master,
Jockey-twitch, jockey-twitch, jockey-twitch,
jockey-twitch !

Here goes my young miss,
An amble, an amble, an amble an amble !
The footman lags behind to tippie ale and
wine,
And goes gallop-a-gallop-a-gallop to make
up his time !

And another :



To market ride the gentlemen,
So do we, so do we ;
Then comes the country clown,
Hobbledy-gee, hobbledy-gee !
First go the ladies, nim, nim, nim !
Next come the gentlemen, trim, trim, trim !
Then come the country clowns, gallop-a-trot !



BLUE BEARD

ONCE on a time there was a man so hideous and ugly
That little children shrank and tried to hide when he appeared ;
His eyes were fierce and prominent, his long hair stiff like bristles,
His stature was enormous, and he wore a long blue beard —
He took his name from that through all the country round about him, —
And whispered tales of dreadful deeds but helped to make him feared.



Yet he was rich, O ! very rich ; his home was in a castle,
Whose turrets darkened on the sky, so grand and black and bold
That like a thunder-cloud it looked upon the blue horizon.
He had fertile lands and parks and towns and hunting-grounds and gold,
And tapestries a queen might covet, statues, pictures, jewels,
While his servants numbered hundreds, and his wines were rare and old.

Now near to this old Blue-beard's castle lived a lady neighbor,
Who had two daughters, beautiful as lilies on a stem ;
And he asked that one of them be given him in marriage —
He did not care which one it was, but left the choice to them.
But, oh, the terror that they felt, their efforts to evade him,
With careless art, with coquetry, with wile and stratagem !



He saw their high young spirits scorned him, yet he meant to conquer.
He planned a visit for them, — or, 'twas rather one long *fête* ;
And to charming guests and lovely feasts, to music and to dancing,
Swung wide upon its hinges grim the gloomy castle gate.
And, sure enough, before a week was ended, blinded, dazzled,
The youngest maiden whispered "yes," and yielded to her fate.

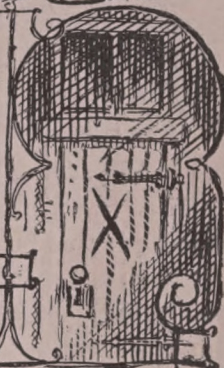
And so she wedded Blue-beard — like a wise and wily spider
He had lured into his web the wished-for, silly little fly!
And, before the honeymoon was gone, one day he stood beside her,
And with oily words of sorrow, but with evil in his eye,
Said his business for a month or more would call him to a distance,
And he must leave her — sorry to — but then, she must not cry!



He bade her have her friends, as many as she liked, about her,
And handed her a jingling bunch of something, saying, "These
Will open vaults and cellars and the heavy iron boxes
Where all my gold and jewels are, or any door you please.
Go where you like, do what you will, one single thing excepted!"
And here he took a little key from out the bunch of keys.



"This will unlock the closet at the end of the long passage,
But that you must not enter! I forbid it!" — and he frowned.
So she promised that she would not, and he went upon his journey.
And no sooner was he gone than all her merry friends around
Came to visit her, and made the dim old corridors and chambers
With their silken dresses whisper, with laugh and song resound.



Up and down the oaken stairways flitted dainty-footed ladies,
Lighting up the shadowy twilight with the lustre of their bloom;
Like the varied sunlight streaming through an old cathedral window
Went their brightness glancing through the unaccustomed gloom,
But Blue-beard's wife was restless, and a strong desire possessed her
Through it all to get a single peep at that forbidden room.



And so one day she slipped away from all her guests, unnoted,
Down through the lower passage, till she reached the fatal door,
Put in the key and turned the lock, and gently pushed it open —
But, oh the horrid sight that met her eyes! Upon the floor
There were blood-stains dark and dreadful, and like dresses in a wardrobe,
There were women hung up by their hair, and dripping in their gore!





Then, at once, upon her mind the unknown fate that had befallen
The other wives of Blue-beard flashed — 'twas now no mystery !
She started back as cold as icicles, as white as ashes,
And upon the clammy floor her trembling fingers dropped the key.
She caught it up, she whirled the bolt to, shut the sight behind her,
And like a startled deer at sound of hunter's gun, fled she !

She reached her room with gasping breath,—behold, another terror !
Upon the key within her hand she saw a ghastly stain ;
She rubbed it with her handkerchief, she washed in soap and water,
She scoured it with sand and stone, but all was done in vain !
For when one side, by dint of work, grew bright, upon the other
(It was bewitched, you know,) came out that ugly spot again !



And then, unlooked-for, who should come next morning, bright and early,
But old Blue-beard himself who hadn't been away a week !
He kissed his wife, and, after a brief pause, said, smiling blandly:
"I'd like my keys, my dear." He saw a tear upon her cheek,
And guessed the truth. She gave him all but one. He scowled and grumbled:
"I want the key to the *small room* !" Poor thing, she could not speak !

He saw at once the stain it bore while she turned pale and paler,
"You've been where I forbade you ! Now you shall go there *to stay* !
Prepare yourself to die at once !" he cried. The frightened lady
Could only fall before him pleading : "Give me time to pray !"
Just fifteen minutes by the clock he granted. To her chamber
She fled, but stopped to call her sister Anne by the way.



"O, sister Anne, go to the tower and watch !" she cried, "Our brothers
Were coming here to-day, and I have got to die !
Oh, fly, and if you see them, wave a signal ! Hasten ! hasten !"
And Anne went flying like a bird up to the tower high.
"Oh, Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming ?"
Called the praying lady up the tower-stairs with piteous cry.



"Oh Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

"I see the burning sun," she answered, "and the waving grass!"
Meanwhile old Blue-beard down below was whetting up his cutlass,
And shouting: "Come down quick, or I'll come after you, my lass!"
"One little minute more to pray, one minute more!" she pleaded —
To hope how slow the minutes are, to dread how swift they pass!

"Oh Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

She answered: "Yes I see a cloud of dust that moves this way."
"Is it our brothers, Anne?" implored the lady. "No, my sister,
It is a flock of sheep." Here Blue-beard thundered out: "I say,
Come down or I'll come after you!" Again the only answer:
"Oh, just one little minute more, — one minute more to pray!"



"Oh, Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

"I see two horsemen riding, but they yet are very far!"
She waved them with her handkerchief; it bade them, "hasten, hasten!"
Then Blue-beard stamped his foot so hard it made the whole house jar;
And, rushing up to where his wife knelt, swung his glittering cutlass,
As Indians do a tomahawk, and shrieked: "How slow you are!"



Just then, without, was heard the beat of hoofs upon the pavement,
The doors flew back, the marble floors rang to a hurried tread.
Two horsemen, with their swords in hand, came storming up the stairway,
And with one swoop of their good swords they cut off Blue-beard's head!
Down fell his cruel arm, the heavy cutlass falling with it,
And, instead of its old, ugly blue, his beard was bloody red!



Of course, the tyrant dead, his wife had all his vast possessions;
She gave her sister Anne a dower to marry where she would;
The brothers were rewarded with commissions in the army;
And as for Blue-beard's wife, she did exactly as she should, —
She wore no weeds, she shed no tears; but very shortly after
Married a man as fair to look at as his heart was good.

JINGLES.



ONCE in my life, I married a wife,
And where do you think I found her?
On Gretna Green in a velvet sheen,
And I took up a stick to pound her.
She jumped over a barberry bush,
And I jumped over a timber;
I showed her a gay gold ring,
And she showed me her finger.

THE lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All about the town;
Some gave them white bread
Some gave them brown,
Some gave them plum cake
And sent them out of town.

PUNCH and Judy fought for a pie;
Punch gave Judy a blow in the eye.

These familiar lines which aid nearly every man woman and child in remembering the number of days in each month, occur, with but slight change, in an old play, called "*The Returne from Parnassus*," London, 1606:

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Save February which alone
Hath twenty-eight, and one day more
We add to it each year in four.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a
crooked mile;
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked
stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked
mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked
house.

Taffy is a nickname for a Welshman, or Welshmen collectively, just as Sawney, a diminutive of Alexander, is Scotch. It is a mispronunciation of Davy, or Davoy, a diminutive of David. The feast of St. David, the patron saint of Wales, is on the 15th of March; hence this is a tale for that date.

TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in;
Taffy came to my house and stole a silver pin —
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took up a poker and flung it at his head.

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie ;

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing ;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the king ?

The king was in the parlor
Counting out his money ;
The queen was in the kitchen
Eating bread and honey ;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
And along came a black-bird
And nipt off her nose.

The next five rhymes belong, legitimately, to Folk Lore, rather than to Child Lore, but are among the ancient proverbs that the children of to-day constantly hear repeated :

IF you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for
danger ;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger ;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter ;
Sneeze on a Thursday, something better ;
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow ;
Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweetheart
to-morrow.

A SWARM of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay ;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon ;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

SEE a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck ;

See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all day.

THEY that wash on Monday
Have all the week to dry ;
They that wash on Tuesday
Are not so much awry ;
They that wash on Wednesday
Are not so much to blame ;
They that wash on Thursday
Wash for very shame ;
They that wash on Friday
They wash in greatest need ;
And they that wash on Saturday
O, they are slack indeed.

IF wishes were horses,
Beggars would ride ;
If turnips were watches,
I'd wear one by my side.

THE rose is red, the violet blue,
The gilly-flower sweet — and so are you :
These are the words you bade me say
For a pair of new gloves on Easter-day.



THE girl in the lane that couldn't speak plain,
Cried "gobble, gobble, gobble."
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

VERSIFIED BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



IF you listen, children, I will tell
The story of little Red Riding-hood :
Such wonderful, wonderful things befell
Her and her grandmother, old and good
(So old she was never very well),
Who lived in a cottage in a wood.

Little Red Riding-hood, every day,
Whatever the weather, shine or storm,
To see her grandmother tripped away,
With a scarlet hood to keep her warm,
And a little mantle, soft and gay,
And a basket of goodies on her arm.



A pat of butter, and cakes of cheese,
Were stored in the napkin, nice and neat ;
As she danced along beneath the trees,
As light as a shadow were her feet ;
And she hummed such tunes as the bumble-bees
Hum when the clover-tops are sweet.

But an ugly wolf by chance espied
The child, and marked her for his prize.
“What are you carrying there?” he cried ;
“Is it some fresh-baked cakes and pies ?”
And he walked along close by her side,
And sniffed and rolled his hungry eyes.



“A basket of things for granny, it is,”
She answered brightly, without fear.
“Oh, I know her very well, sweet miss !
Two roads branch towards her cottage here ;
You go that way, and I’ll go this,
See which will get there first, my dear !”

He fled to the cottage, swift and sly ;
 Rapped softly, with a dreadful grin.
 "Who's there?" asked granny. "Only I!"
 Piping his voice up high and thin.
 "Pull the string, and the latch will fly!"
 Old granny said; and he went in.

He glared her over from foot to head ;
 In a second more the thing was done !
 He gobbled her up, and merely said,
 "She wasn't a very tender one!"
 And then he jumped into the bed,
 And put her sack and night-cap on.



Her innocent head on the pillow laid,
 She spied great pricked-up, hairy ears,
 And a fierce great mouth, wide open spread,
 And green eyes, filled with wicked leers ;
 And all of a sudden she grew afraid ;
 Yet she softly asked, in spite of her fears :
 "Oh, granny ! what makes your ears so big?"
 "To hear you with ! to hear you with !"
 "Oh, granny ! what make your eyes so big?"
 "To see you with ! to see you with !"
 "Oh, granny ! what makes your teeth so big?"
 "To eat you with ! to eat you with !"
 And he sprang to swallow her up alive ;
 But it chanced a woodman from the wood,
 Hearing her shriek, rushed, with his knife,
 And drenched the wolf in his own blood.
 And in that way he saved the life
 Of pretty little Red Riding-hood.

And he heard soft footsteps presently,
 And then on the door a timid rap ;
 He knew Red Riding-hood was shy,
 So he answered faintly to the tap :
 "Pull the string and the latch will fly!"
 She did: and granny, in her night-cap,

Lay covered almost up to her nose.
 "Oh, granny dear!" she cried, "are you worse?"
 "I'm all of a shiver, even to my toes !
 Please won't you be my little nurse,
 And snug up tight here under the clothes?"
 Red Riding-hood answered, "Yes," of course.



JINGLES.

A rhyme evidently the invention of some mother quite worn out with the importunities of her children for stories :

I'LL tell you a story
About Jack a-Nory —
And now my story's begun,
I'll tell you another
About Jack and his brother —
And now my story's done.

FOR every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none :
If there be one, try and find it ;
If there be none, never mind it.

This proverb is from Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac."

HE that would thrive
Must rise at five ;
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven ;
And he that by the plough would thrive
Himself must either hold or drive.

GO to bed first, a golden purse ;
Go to bed second, a golden pheasant ;
Go to bed third, a golden bird !

Hallowell, an authority, says that the first three verses of this tale comprise all of the original, and that the rest are a modern addition. The evidence of the antiquity of the story lies in itself. The rhyming of *laughing* to *coffin* in the third stanza establishes it, for this word was formerly pronounced *lof-fing*, and was so spelt. In Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II, scene 1st: "And then the whole quire hold their hips and *loffe*."

OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to her cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone ;



But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

JINGLES.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the fish-monger's
To buy him some fish,
And when she came back
He was licking the dish.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.



She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.



She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat.
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the seamstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow,
The dame said, your servant,
The dog said, bow, wow.

THE SLEEPING PRINCESS
VERSIFIED BY CLARA DOTY BATES

THE ringing bells and the booming cannon
Proclaimed on a summer morn
That in the good king's royal palace
A Princess had been born.

The towers flung out their brightest banners,
The ships their streamers gay,
And every one, from lord to peasant,
Made joyful holiday.

Great plans for feasting and merry-making
Were made by the happy king ;
And, to bring good fortune, seven fairies
Were bid to the christening.

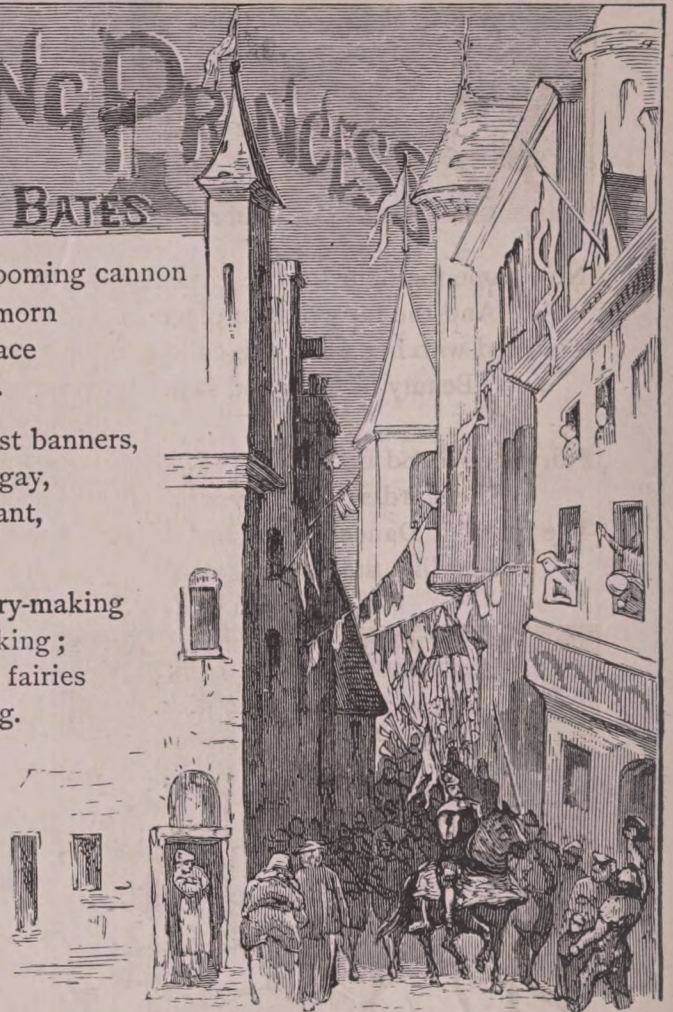
And for them the king had seven dishes
Made out of the best red gold,
Set thickly round on the sides and covers
With jewels of price untold.

When the day of the christening came, the bugles
Blew forth their shrillest notes ;
Drums throbbed, and endless lines of soldiers
Filed past in scarlet coats.

And the fairies were there the king had bidden,
Bearing their gifts of good —
But right in the midst a strange old woman
Surly and scowling stood.

They knew her to be the old, old fairy,
All nose and eyes and ears,
Who had not peeped, till now, from her dungeon
For more than fifty years.

Angry she was to have been forgotten
Where others were guests, and to find
That neither a seat nor a dish at the banquet
To her had been assigned.



THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.



Now came the hour for the gift-bestowing ;
 And the fairy first in place
 Touched with her wand the child and gave her
 "Beauty of form and face !"

Fairy the second bade, "Be witty !"
 The third said, "Never fail !"
 The fourth, "Dance well !" and the fifth, "O Princess,
 Sing like the nightingale !"

The sixth gave, "Joy in the heart forever !"
 But before the seventh could speak,
 The crooked, black old Dame came forward,
 And, tapping the baby's cheek,

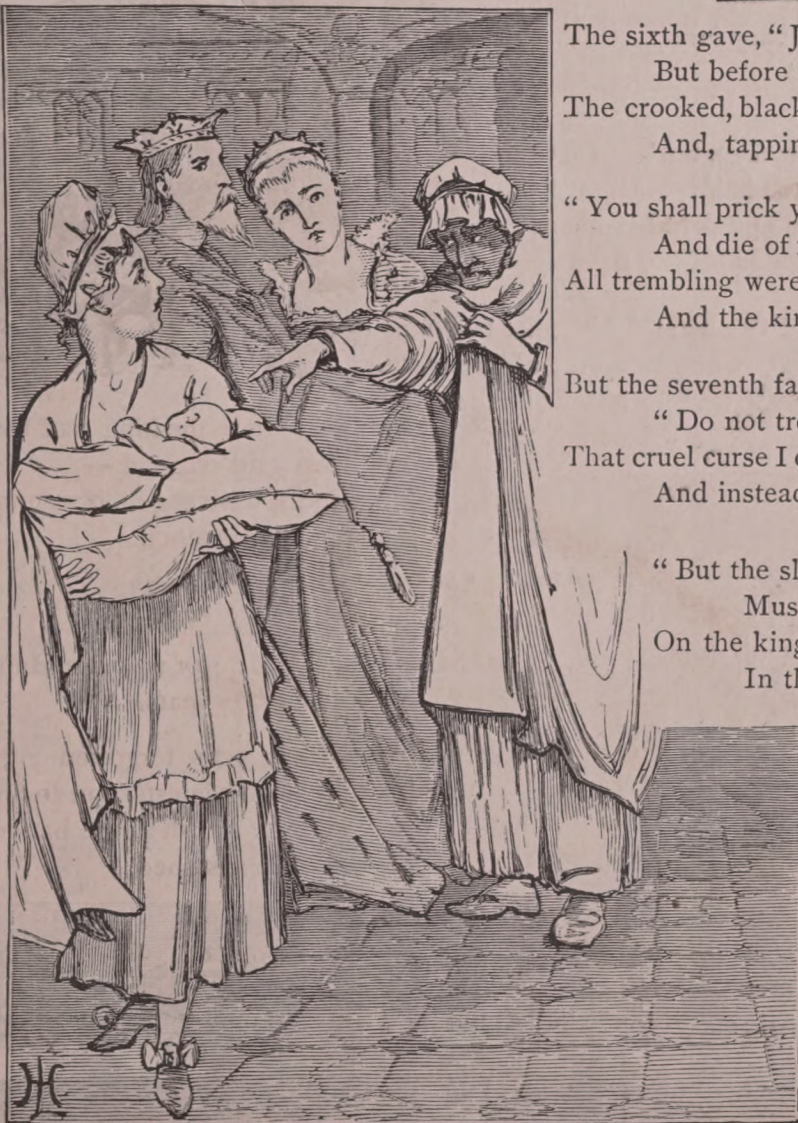
"You shall prick your finger upon a spindle,
 And die of it !" she cried.
 All trembling were the lords and ladies,
 And the king and queen beside.

But the seventh fairy interrupted,
 "Do not tremble nor weep !
 That cruel curse I can change and soften,
 And instead of death give sleep !"

"But the sleep, though I do my best and kindest,
 Must last for an hundred years !"
 On the king's stern face was a dreadful pallor,
 In the eyes of the queen were tears.

"Yet after the hundred years are vanished,"—
 The fairy added beside, —
 "A Prince of a noble line shall find her,
 And take her for his bride."

But the king, with a hope to change the future,
 Proclaimed this law to be :
 That, if in all the land there was kept one spindle,
 Sure death was the penalty.



THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.

The Princess grew, from her very cradle.
Lovely and witty and good ;
And at last, in the course of years, had blossomed
Into full sweet maidenhood.

And one day, in her father's summer palace,
As blithe as the very air,
She climbed to the top of the highest turret,
Over an old worn stair

And there in the dusky cobwebbed garret,
Where dimly the daylight shone,
A little, doleful, hunch-backed woman
Sat spinning all alone.



"O Goody," she cried, "what are you doing?"
"Why, spinning, you little dunce!"
The Princess laughed: "'Tis so very funny,
Pray let me try it once!"

With a careless touch, from the hand of Goody
She caught the half-spun thread,
And the fatal spindle pricked her finger!
Down fell she as if dead!

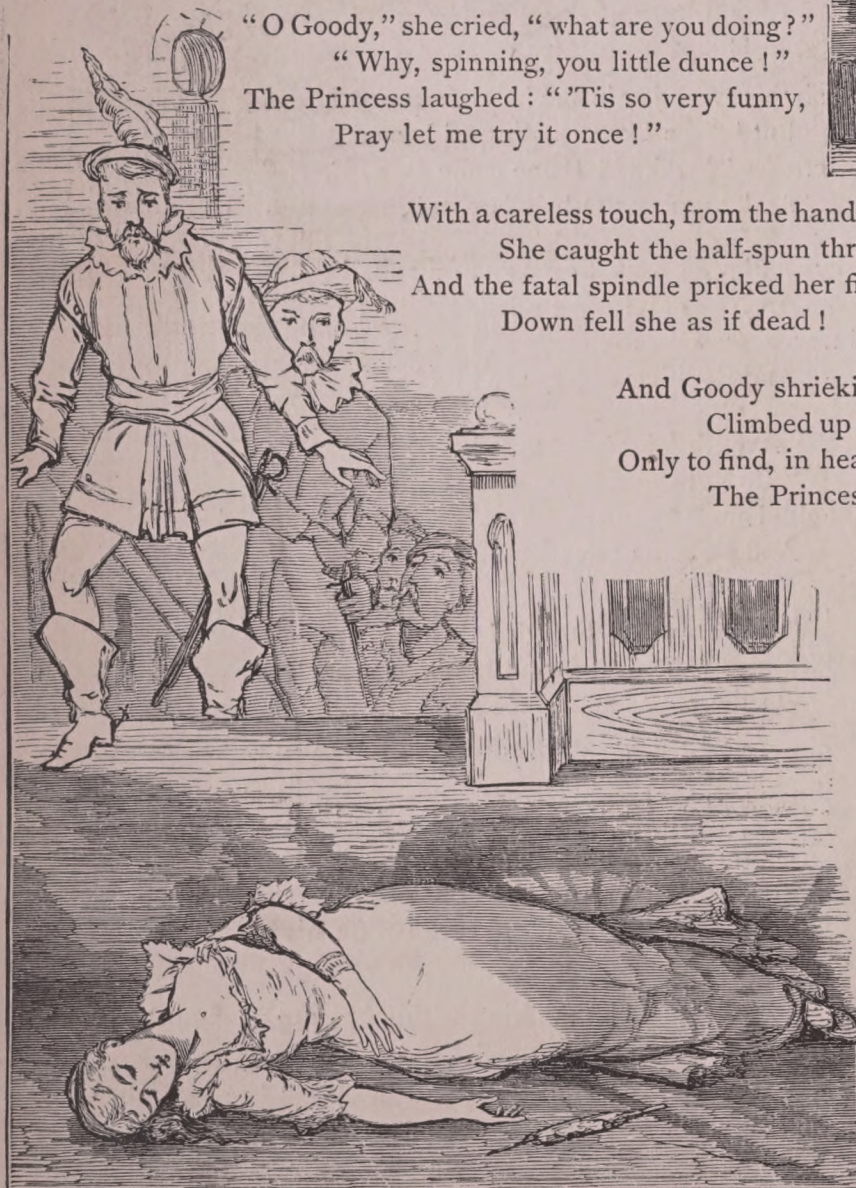
And Goody shrieking, the frightened courtiers
Climbed up the old worn stair
Only to find, in heavy slumber,
The Princess lying there.

They bore her down to a lofty chamber,
They robed her in her best,
And on a couch of gold and purple
They laid her for her rest,

The roses upon her cheek still blooming,
And the red still on her lips,
While the lids of her eyes, like night-shut lilies,
Were closed in white eclipse.

Then the fairy who strove her fate to alter
From the dismal doom of death,
Now that the vital hour impended,
Came hurrying in a breath.

And then about the slumbering palace
The fairy made up-spring
A wood so heavy and dense that never
Could enter a living thing.



THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.

And there for a century the Princess
Lay in a trance so deep
That neither the roar of winds nor thunder
Could rouse her from her sleep.

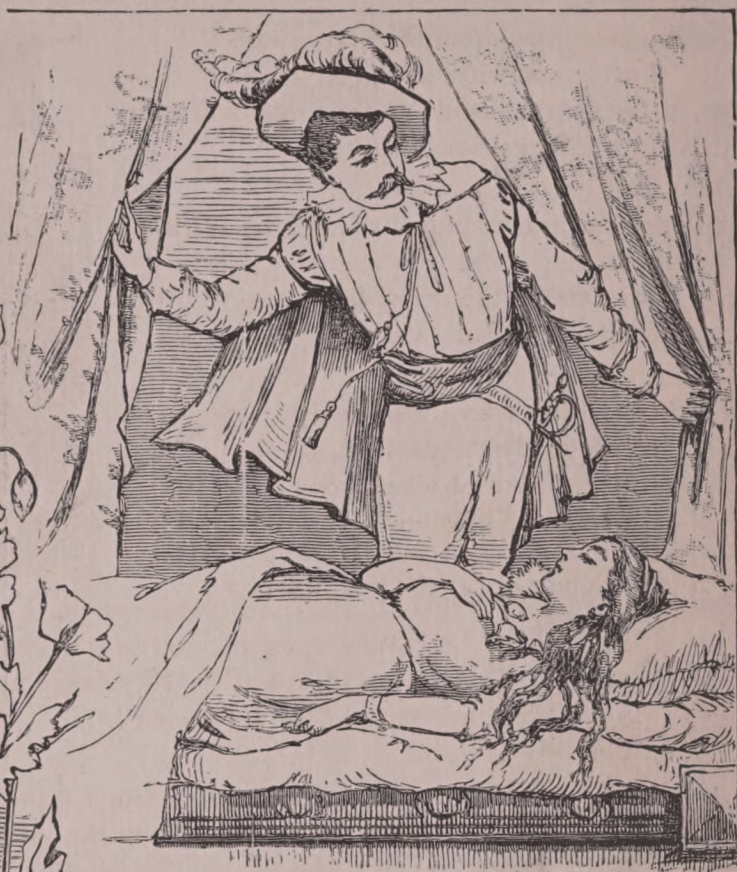
Then at last one day, past the long-enchanted
Old wood, rode a new king's son,
Who, catching a glimpse of a royal turret
Above the forest dun

Felt in his heart a strange wish for exploring
The thorny and briery place,
And, lo, a path through the deepest thicket
Opened before his face !

On, on he went, till he spied a terrace,
And further a sleeping guard,
And rows of soldiers upon their carbines
Leaning, and snoring hard.

Up the broad steps ! The doors swung backward !
The wide halls heard no tread !
But a lofty chamber, opening, showed him
A gold and purple bed.

And there in her beauty, warm and glowing,
The enchanted Princess lay !
While only a word from his lips was needed
To drive her sleep away.



He spoke the word, and the spell was scattered,
The enchantment broken through !
The lady woke. "Dear Prince," she murmured,
"How long I have waited for you !"

Then at once the whole great slumbering palace
Was wakened and all astir ;
Yet the Prince, in joy at the Sleeping Beauty,
Could only look at her.

She was the bride who for years an hundred
Had waited for him to come,
And now that the hour was here to claim her,
Should eyes or tongue be dumb ?

The Princess blushed at his royal wooing,
Bowed "yes" with her lovely head,
And the chaplain, yawning, but very lively,
Came in and they were wed !

But about the dress of the happy Princess,
I have my woman's fears —
It must have grown somewhat old-fashioned
In the course of so many years !

JINGLES.

There is a small beetle, generally red or yellow, with black, red, yellow or white spots, which children call a lady-bug, or a lady cow, and they say over this rhyme to it, believing that when it flies they can find where it lives. The stanza is of considerable antiquity, and is common in Yorkshire, England :

LADY bug, lady bug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children all gone,
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding pan.

NIMBLE Dick
He was so quick
He tumbled over the timber ;
He bent his bow,
To shoot the crow,
And shot the cat in the window.

Daddy-long-legs, the popular name of the insect of the genus *Tipula*, has a contemplative habit of lifting one of his long slender legs, as a sort of feeler, and it is well he has this habit, for when little boys catch him and question him, if he does not indicate some direction with his foot, they are apt to carry out their threat and dismember him :

GRAND-daddy-Long-Legs, tell me
Where my cows are, or I'll kill you!

JACK be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candle-stick.

HERE we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy,
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

Among weather-rhymes the following are favorites among children :

RAINBOW in the morning —
Shepherds take warning !
Rainbow at night —
Shepherds' delight.



RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Johnny wants to play.

ASUNSHINY shower
Won't last half an hour.

The little brown owl sits up in the tree,
And if you look well
His big eyes you may see.
He says 'Whit a whoo, when the
night grows dark,
And he hears the dogs howl
and the little foxes bark.'



AS the days grow longer,
The storms grow stronger.
As the day lengthens
The cold strengthens.

The sportsman's barometer:

WHEN the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
Skillful fishers go not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

St. Swithin's day is the 15th of July, and it is an old belief that if it rains on that day it will continue to rain for forty days. This is founded on a tradition that St. Swithin, who was the bishop of Winchester, gave directions on his death-bed that he should be buried on the north side of the minster, under the droppings from the eaves; and when the monks, in violation of his wishes, attempted to place his remains under the chancel, he testified his displeasure by causing a rain of forty days' continuance:

ST Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's day if thou be fair
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.

Old rhyme still in use concerning dreams:

FRIDAY night's dream
On the Saturday told,
Is sure to come true
Be it never so old.

Another form runs thus:

SATURDAY night's dream,
Sunday morning told,
Is sure to come to pass
Before you're a week old.



PUSSY-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to look at the queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under her chair.

This epitome of pie-life, used to teach little children the alphabet, is more than two centuries old, as a preacher in 1671, refers to it in a work of his at that time, by way of illustration:

A WAS an apple pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eat it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and-perse-and,
All wished for a piece in hand.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

VERSIFIED BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



A MILLER had three sons,
And, on his dying day,
He willed that all he owned should be
Shared by them in this way:
The mill to this, and the donkey to that,
And to the youngest only the cat.

This last, poor fellow, of course
Thought it a bitter fate;
With a cat to feed, he should die, indeed,
Of hunger, sooner or late.
And he stormed, with many a bitter word,
Which Puss, who lay in the cupboard, heard.



She stretched, and began to purr,
Then came to her master's knee,
And, looking slyly up, began:
"Pray be content with me!
Get me a pair of boots ere night,
And a bag, and it will be all right!"

The youth sighed heavy sighs,
And laughed a scornful laugh:
"Of all the silly things I know,
You're the silliest, by half!"
Still, after a space of doubt and thought,
The pair of boots and the bag were bought.

And Puss, at the peep of dawn,
Was out upon the street,
With shreds of parsley in her bag,
And the boots upon her feet.
She was on her way to the woods, for game,
And soon to the rabbit-warren came.



And the simple rabbits cried,
"The parsley smells like spring!"
And into the bag their noses slipped,
And Pussy pulled the string.
Only a kick, and a gasp for breath,
And, one by one, they were choked to death.

So Sly Boots bagged her game,
And gave it an easy swing
Over her shoulder; and, starting off
For the palace of the king,
She found him upon his throne, in state,
While near him his lovely daughter sate.

Puss made a graceful bow
No courtier could surpass,
And said, "I come to your Highness from
The Marquis of Carabas.
His loyal love he sends to you,
With a tender rabbit for a stew."

And the pretty princess smiled,
And the king said, "Many thanks."
And Puss strode off to her master's home,
Purring, and full of pranks.
And cried, "I've a splendid plan for you!
Say nothing, but do as I tell you to!

"To-morrow, at noon, the king
And his beautiful daughter ride;
And you must go, as they draw near,
And bathe at the river side."
The youth said "Pooh!" but still, next day,
Bathed, when the king went by that way.



Puss hid his dingy clothes
In the marshy river-grass,
And screamed, when the king came into sight,
"The Marquis of Carabas—
My master—is drowning close by!
Help! help! good king, or he will die!"

Then servants galloped fast,
And dragged him from the water.
"'Tis the knight who sent the rabbit stew,"
The king said, to his daughter.
And a suit of clothes was brought with speed,
And he rode in their midst, on a royal steed.

Meanwhile Puss, in advance,
To the Ogre's palace fled,
Where he sat, with a great club in his hand,
And a monstrous ugly head.
She mewed politely as she went in,
But he only grinned, with a dreadful grin.



"I have heard it said," she purred,
"That, with the greatest ease,
You change, in the twinkling of an eye,
Into any shape you please!"
"Of course I can!" the Ogre cried,
And a roaring lion stood at her side.

Puss shook like a leaf, in her boots,
But said, "It is very droll!
Now, please, if you can, change into a mouse!"
He did. And she swallowed him whole!
Then, as the king and his suite appeared,
She stood on the palace porch and cheered.

'Twas a grand old palace indeed,
Built of stone and brass.
"Welcome, most noble ladies and lords,
To the Castle of Carabas!"
Puss said, with a sweeping courtesy;
And they entered, and feasted royally.



And the Marquis lost his heart
At the beautiful princess' smile;
And the very next day the two were wed,
In wonderful state and style.
And Puss in Boots was their favorite page,
And lived with them to a good old age.

JINGLES.

It will be pleasant for those of a merry nature to know that a jolly reputation can survive so many years as has that of Old King Cole, for he lived in the third century after Christ. He was as popular a man in his own day as these verses have been about him since, and when he ascended the throne it was amid the acclamations and rejoicings of his people. There is evidence besides the rhyme, that they were a musical family, for tradition says that his daughter was well-skilled in music, and the seventeenth century version of the song, from which ours is modernized, says that :

THERE was fiddle fiddle,
And twice fiddle fiddle,
For 'twas my lady's birthday,
Therefore we keep holiday.



Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he ;
Twee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the
fiddlers.
Oh there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three !

An exercise calculated to promote nimbleness of tongue — great fun when repeated in concert :

WHEN a twister a-twisting. will twist him a
twist,
For the twisting his twist, he three times doth intwist ;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist
The twine that untwineth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twists, with the twister, the two in a twine ;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined in twain.

The twain that in twining, before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted, he now doth untwine ;
Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

Also for repeating in concert :

THIS is the Key of the kingdom.
In that kingdom there is a city :
In that city there is a town ;
In that town there is a street ;
In that street there is a lane ;
In that lane there is a yard ;
In that yard there is a house ;
In that house there is a room ;
In that room there is a bed ;
On that bed there is a basket ;
In that basket there are some flowers ;
Flowers in the basket, basket in the bed,
Bed in the room. Etc., etc., (*backward.*)



THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
 She had so many children she didn't know
 what to do ;
 She gave them some broth without any bread ;
 She whipt them all soundly and put them to bed.

SIMPLE Simon met a pieman
 Going to the fair ;
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 " Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
 " Show me first your penny ;"
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 " Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a fishing
 For to catch a whale :
 All the water he had got
 Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
 If plums grew on a thistle ;
 He pricked his fingers very much,
 Which made poor Simon whistle.

I HAD four brothers over the sea ;
 They each sent a Christmas present to me.
 The first sent a cherry without any stone ;
 The second sent a bird without any bone ;
 The third sent a blanket without any thread ;
 The fourth sent a book no man could read.
 How could there be a cherry without any stone ?
 How could there be a bird without any bone ?
 How could there be a blanket without any thread ?
 How could there be a book no man could read ?
 When the cherry's in the blossom it has no stone ;
 When the bird is in the egg it has no bone ;
 When the blanket's in the fleece it has no thread ;
 When the book is in the press no man can read.



DOCTOR Foster went to Gloucester,
 In a shower of rain ;
 He stepped in a puddle up to his middle,
 And never went there again.

TWO little dogs were basking in the cinders ;
 Two little cats were playing in the windows ;
 When two little mice popped out of a hole,
 And up to a fine piece of cheese they stole,
 The two little dogs cried, " Cheese is nice !"
 But the two little cats jumped down in a trice,
 And cracked the bones of the two little mice.



POOR, pretty little thing she was,
 The sweetest-faced of girls,
 With eyes as blue as larkspurs,
 And a mass of tossing curls ;
 But her step-mother had for her
 Only blows and bitter words,
 While she thought her own two ugly crows,
 The whitest of all birds.

She was the little household drudge,
 And wore a cotton gown,
 While the sisters, clad in silk and satin,
 Flaunted through the town.
 When her work was done, her only place
 Was the chimney-corner bench,
 For which one called her "Cinderella,"
 The other, "Cinder-wench."

But years went on, and Cinderella
 Bloomed like a wild-wood rose,
 In spite of all her kitchen-work,
 And her common, dingy clothes ;
 While the two step-sisters, year by year,
 Grew scrawnier and plainer ;
 Two peacocks, with their tails outspread,
 Were never any vainer.

One day they got a note, a pink,
 Sweet-scented, crested one,
 Which was an invitation
 To a ball, from the king's son.
 Oh, then poor Cinderella
 Had to starch, and iron, and plait,
 And run of errands, frill and crimp,
 And ruffle, early and late.

And when the ball-night came at last,
 She helped to paint their faces,
 To lace their satin shoes, and deck
 Them up with flowers and laces ;
 Then watched their coach roll grandly
 Out of sight ; and, after that,
 She sat down by the chimney,
 In the cinders, with the cat,

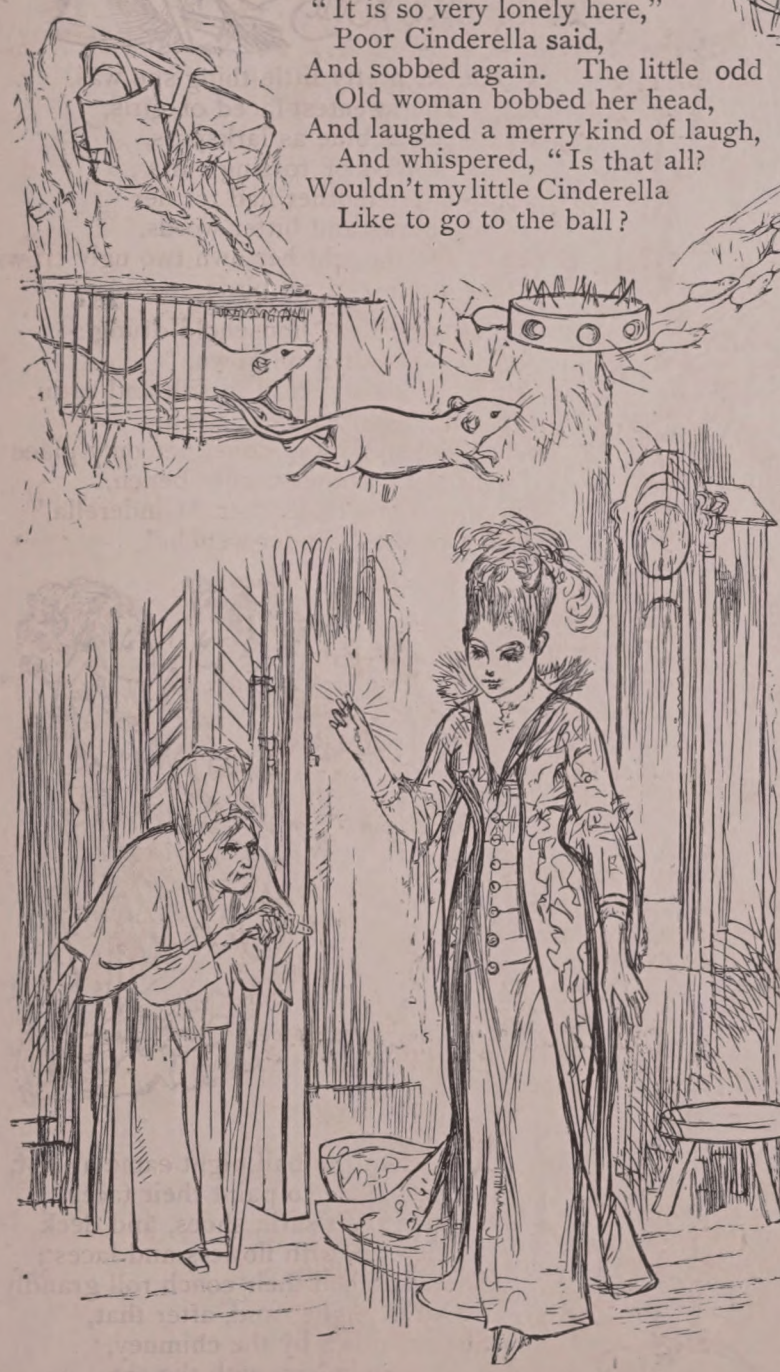
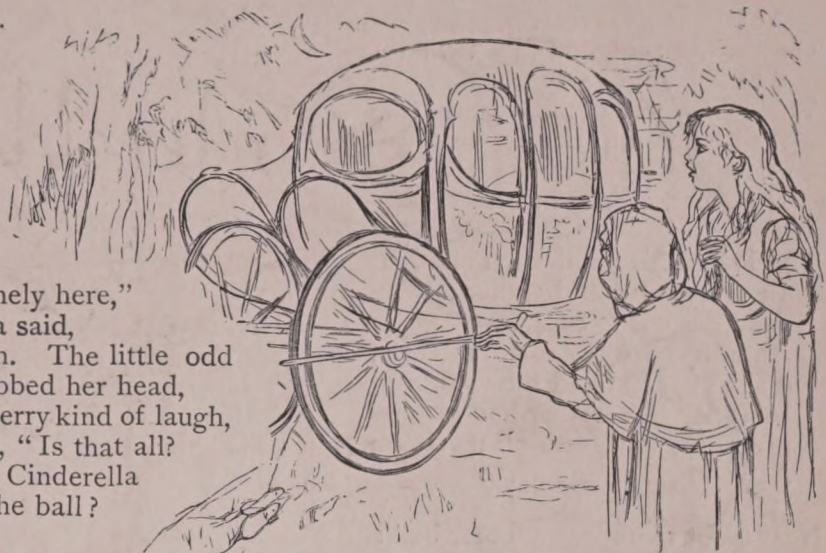


CINDERELLA.

And sobbed as if her heart would break.

Hot tears were on her lashes,
Her little hands got black with soot,
Her feet begrimed with ashes,
When right before her, on the hearth,
She knew not how nor why,
A little odd old woman stood,
And said, "Why do you cry?"

"It is so very lonely here,"
Poor Cinderella said,
And sobbed again. The little odd
Old woman bobbed her head,
And laughed a merry kind of laugh,
And whispered, "Is that all?
Wouldn't my little Cinderella
Like to go to the ball?"



"Run to the garden, then, and fetch
A pumpkin, large and nice;
Go to the pantry shelf, and from
The mouse-traps get the mice;
Rats you will find in the rat-trap;
And, from the watering-pot,
Or from under the big, flat garden stone,
Six lizards must be got."

Nimble as crickets in the grass
She ran, till it was done,
And then God-mother stretched her wand
And touched them every one.
The pumpkin changed into a coach,
Which glittered as it rolled,
And the mice became six horses,
With harnesses of gold.

One rat a herald was, to blow
A trumpet in advance,
And the first blast that he sounded
Made the horses plunge and prance;
And the lizards were made footmen,
Because they were so spry;
And the old rat-coachman on the box
Wore jeweled livery.

And then on Cinderella's dress
The magic wand was laid,
And straight the dingy gown became
A glistening gold brocade.
The gems that shone upon her fingers
Nothing could surpass;
And on her dainty little feet
Were slippers made of glass.

"Be sure you get back here, my dear,
At twelve o'clock at night,"
Godmother said, and in a twinkling
She was out of sight.
When Cinderella reached the ball,
And entered at the door,
So beautiful a lady
None had ever seen before.

The Prince his admiration showed
In every word and glance;
He led her out to supper,
And he chose her for the dance;
But she kept in mind the warning
That her Godmother had given,
And left the ball, with all its charms,
At just half after eleven.

Next night there was another ball;
She helped her sisters twain
To pinch their waists, and curl their hair,
And paint their cheeks again.
Then came the fairy Godmother,
And, with her wand, once more
Arrayed her out in greater splendor
Even than before.



The coach and six, with gay outriders,
Bore her through the street,
And a crowd was gathered round to look,
The lady was so sweet, —
So light of heart, and face, and mien,
As happy children are;
And when her foot stepped down,
Her slipper twinkled like a star.

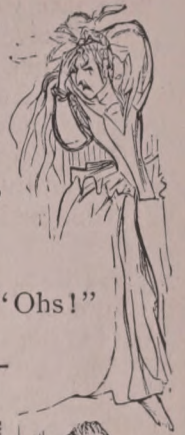


Again the Prince chose only her
For waltz or *tete-a-tete*;
So swift the minutes flew she did not
Dream it could be late,
But all at once, remembering
What her Godmother had said,
And hearing twelve begin to strike
Upon the clock, she fled.

Swift as a swallow on the wing
She darted, but, alas!
Dropped from one flying foot the tiny
Slipper made of glass;
But she got away, and well it was
She did, for in a trice
Her coach changed to a pumpkin,
And her horses became mice;



And back into the cinder dress
Was changed the gold brocade !
The prince secured the slipper,
And this proclamation made :
That the country should be searched,
And any lady, far or wide,
Who could get the slipper on her foot,
Should straightway be his bride.



So every lady tried it,
With her "Mys!" and "Ahs!" and "Ohs!"
And Cinderella's sisters pared
Their heels, and pared their toes, —
But all in vain ! Nobody's foot
Was small enough for it,
Till Cinderella tried it,
And it was a perfect fit.



Then the royal heralds hardly
Knew what it was best to do,
When from out her tattered pocket
Forth she drew the other shoe,
While the eyelids on the larkspur eyes
Dropped down a snowy veil,
And the sisters turned from pale to red,
And then from red to pale,

And in hateful anger cried, and stormed,
And scolded, and all that,
And a courtier, without thinking,
Tittered out behind his hat.
For here was all the evidence
The Prince had asked, complete,
Two little slippers made of glass,
Fitting two little feet.

So the Prince, with all his retinue,
Came there to claim his wife ;
And he promised he would love her
With devotion all his life.
At the marriage there was splendid
Music, dancing, wedding cake ;
And he kept the slipper as a treasure
Ever, for her sake.



JINGLES.

The King Arthur, whose deeds are recounted in this fragment, was none other than Britain's hero.—Tennyson's "blameless prince;" and the Queen who fried the pudding was the beautiful Guinevere. The flowers of chivalry and romance that have blossomed so plentifully about their names have not been more enduring than this little grotesque immortelle:

WHEN good King Arthur ruled the land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal
To make a bag-pudding.



A bag-pudding the king did make
And stuffed it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they did not eat that night
The queen next morning fried.

LITTLE fishy in the brook,
Papa caught him with a hook,
Mamma fried him in the pan,
And Baby ate him like a man!

Among the little games with face and hands for the amusement of babies, those given below are the most popular:

PAT-a-cake, pat-a-cake baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can.
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

These lines are used in a play with the toes. There are many versions of the song in English, and it is also found in Danish.

SHOE the colt,
Shoe the wild mare
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Yet she goes bare.

Another version:

SHOE the old horse,
Shoe the old mare,
But let the little coltie go bare.

These lines accompany a rapid crossing and uncrossing of baby's feet, which are held by the ankles:

THIS is the way the old farmer rides to mill,
Lig-a-log,
Lig-a-log,
Lig-a-log.

A play with baby's face:

BROW brinky,
Eye winky,
Chin choppy,
Nose nopy,
Cheek cherry,
Mouth merry.

(Each feature being touched as the line is repeated.)



Hark, hark!
The dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town;
Some in jags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns

JINGLES.

KNOCK at the door (*tapping the forehead*)
 Peep in, (*lifting the eyelid*)
 Lift up the latch, (*pulling the nose*)
 And walk in. (*opening the mouth and putting
 in the finger.*)

And another :

HERE sits the Lord Mayor, (*forehead*)
 Here sit his two men, (*eyes*)
 Here sits the cock, (*right cheek*)
 Here sits the hen, (*left cheek*)
 Here sits the little chickens, (*tip of the nose*)
 Here they run in, (*mouth*)
 Chin chopper, chin chopper,
 Chin chopper-chin! (*chuck the chin.*)

Old rhyme by which counting is taught :

ONE, two, three, four, five, (*clasping baby's hand*)
 I caught a hare alive ;
 Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
 I let him go again. (*Letting it go.*)



BAH, bah, black sheep, have you any wool ?
 Yes, Mary, have I, three bags full ;
 One for my master, and one for my dame,
 But none for the little boy crying down the lane.

These rhymes are used in "counting out"—an important feature in many childish games, as it determines which one is to assume a certain part, to "blind" or to hold the vantage point. The children stand in a row, and the operator begins with the rhyme, giving a word to each as he counts, the one who receives the last one being "out." The process is repeated until there is but one left, and he is recognized as the chosen one.

HICKERY, dickery, 6 and 7,
 Hollowbone, crackabone, 10 and 11,
 Spin, span, Muskidan,
 Twiddle 'um, twaddle 'um, 21.

ONE-ERY, two-ery, ziecary zan ;
 Hollowbone, crackabone, nine-ery ten ;
 Spittery-spot, it must be done ;
 Twiddle-run, twaddle-run, twenty-one.

EERY, iry, hickary hum,
 Filison, follison, Nicholson, John,
 Quever, quaver, English maver,
 Stringalum, strangelum, buck !

INTERY, mintery, cutery-corn,
 Apple seed and apple thorn ;
 Wire, brier, limber-lock,
 Five geese in a flock,
 Sit and sing by a spring,
 O-u-t and in again.

School children use these rhymes when starting to run a race :

ONE to make ready,
 Two to prepare,
 Good luck to the rider,
 And away goes the mare.

And also this :

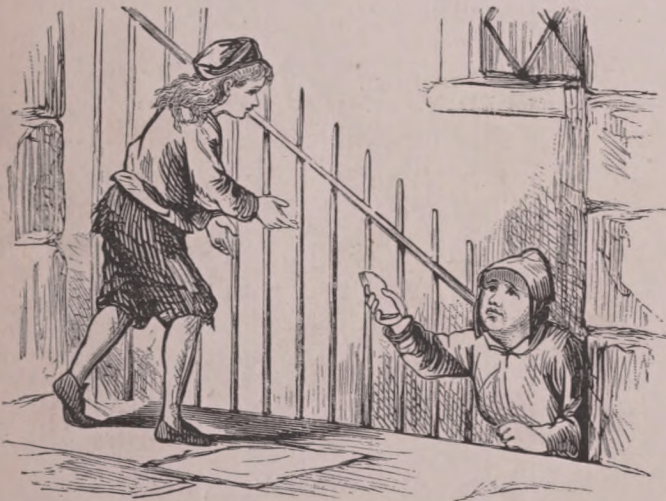
ONE to make ready,
 Two to show,
 Three to start,
 And four to go.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

VERSIFIED BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



DICK, as a little lad, was told
That the London streets were paved with gold.
He never, in all his life, had seen
A place more grand than the village green ;
So his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night,
Pictured this city of delight,
Till, whatever he did, wherever he went,
His mind was filled with discontent.



There was bitter taste to the peasant bread,
And a restless hardness to his bed ;
So, after a while, one summer day,
Little Dick Whittington ran away.

Yes — ran away to London city !
Poor little lad ! he needs your pity ;
For there, instead of a golden street,
The hot, sharp stones abused his feet.

So tired he was he was fit to fall, —
Yet nobody cared for him at all ;
He wandered here, and he wandered there,
With a heavy heart, for many a square.
And at last, when he could walk no more,
He sank down faint at a merchant's door.
And the cook — for once compassionate —
Took him in at the area-gate.



And she gave him bits of broken meat,
And scattered crusts, and crumbs, to eat ;
And kept him there for her commands
To pare potatoes, and scour pans,
To wash the kettles and sweep the room ;
And she beat him dreadfully with the broom ;
And he staid as long as he could stay,
And again, in despair, he ran away.

Out towards the famous Highgate Hill
He fled, in the morning gray and chill ;
And there he sat on a wayside stone,
And the bells of Bow, with merry tone,

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

Jangled a musical chime together,
Over the miles of blooming heather :
"Turn, turn, turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London town!"

And he turned — so cheered he was at that —
And, meeting a boy who carried a cat,
He bought the cat with his only penny,—
For where he had slept the mice were many.
Back to the merchant's his way he took,
To the pans and potatoes and cruel cook,
And he found Miss Puss a fine device,
For she kept his garret clear of mice.



The merchant was sending his ship abroad,
And he let each servant share her load ;
One sent this thing, and one sent that,
And little Dick Whittington sent his cat.
The ship sailed out and over the sea,
Till she touched at last at a far country ;
And while she waited to sell her store,
The captain and officers went ashore.

They dined with the king ; the tables fine
Groaned with the meat and fruit and wine ;
But, as soon as the guests were ranged about,
Millions of rats and mice came out.
They swarmed on the table, and on the floor,
Up from the crevices, in at the door,
They swept the food away in a breath,
And the guests were frightened almost to death !

To lose their dinners they thought a shame.
The captain sent for the cat. She came !
And right and left, in a wonderful way,
She threw, and slew, and spread dismay.



Then the Moorish king spoke up so bold :
"I will give you eighteen bags of gold,
If you will sell me the little thing."
"I will !" and the cat belonged to the king.

When the good ship's homeward voyage was done,
The money was paid to Dick Whittington ;
At his master's wish 'twas put in trade ;
Each dollar another dollar made.
Richer he grew each month and year,
Honored by all both far and near ;
With his master's daughter for a wife,
He lived a prosperous, noble life.

And the tune the Bow-bells sang that day,
When to Highgate Hill he ran away, —
"Turn, turn, turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London town," —



In the course of time came true and right,
He was Mayor of London, and Sir Knight ;
And in English history he is known,
By the name of Sir Richard Whittington !

JINGLES.

JINGLES.

WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Up-stairs and down-stairs
In his night-gown,



Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the babes all in bed?
It's now ten o'clock."

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather;
He began to compliment, and I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do?
And how do you do again?

Among ancient games for children, the following are still popular, and in use in all parts of the country:

HIP-I-TY-HOP to the barber shop,
To buy a stick of candy;
One for me, and one for you,
And one for sister Miranda.

One child, called the "Old Buzzard," sits upon the floor, or in summer, upon the grass, and the rest joining hands, move in a circle round her, singing meantime:

HIP-ANY, pip-any, cran-y-crow,
I went down to the well to wash my toe,
The cat's asleep, the crow's awake,
'Tis time to give my chickens some meat,
What o'clock is it, old Buzzard?

OLD BUZZARD.

ONE, going on two.

CHILDREN.

Hip-any pip-any, cran-y-crow,

ETC. ETC.

OLD BUZZARD.

TWO, going on three.

And so on until she reaches "eleven going on twelve," the children pausing each time in their circling as they ask the question, "What o'clock is it, Old Buzzard?" Then the following dialogue takes place:

C. Where have you been?

O. B. To pick up sticks.

C. What for?

O. B. To light my fire.

C. What for?

O. B. To boil my kettle.

C. What for?

O. B. To cook some of your chickens.

At this the children run away as fast as they can, and Old Buzzard tries to catch one of them. The one caught is the next to personate old Buzzard.

JINGLES.

This game is played as follows : A string of boys and girls, each holding by the preceding one's skirt or coat, approach two others who hold up their joined hands forming a double arch. At the singing of the rhymes they pass under the arch, each anxious to get to that point before the last words are sung, for then down come the hands and the most immediate one is caught, and must take the place of one of the arch-makers :

HOW many miles to Barnegat ?
 Three score miles and ten.
 Can I get there by candle-light ?
 Yes, if your legs are limber light
 You can get there by candle-light,
 If the bears don't catch you !

Another similar game has the following rhyme :

DRAW a pail of water
 For the farmer's daughter ;
 My father is king, my mother is queen,
 My two little sisters are dressed in green ;
 One we rush, two we rush,
 Pray thee, my lady, come under my bush !

These lines are repeated in a game where one child holds a wand up to the faces of all the others in succession, making wry grimaces himself, meanwhile, for the purpose of making them laugh. The one who laughs first must pay a forfeit :

BUFF says Buff to all his men,
 And I say Buff to you again ;
 Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
 But carries his face
 With a very good grace,
 And passes the stick to the very next place.

A household game for little girls is this, sung to the tune of the "Bar-berry Bush," They stand either in a row or circle, and as they sing go through the various motions of the work.

THIS is the way we wash our clothes,
 Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
 This is the way we wash our clothes,
 So early in the morning.
 This is the way we dry our clothes,
 ETC. ETC.
 This is the way we starch our clothes,
 ETC. ETC.

This is the way we sprinkle our clothes,

ETC. ETC.

This is the way we iron our clothes,

ETC. ETC.

Another very old play similar to the last, is called "Washing the Lady's Dishes." Two girls clasp both of each other's hands, swing their arms, and finally turn back to back, swiftly winding in and out under each other's arms, their hands still remaining clasped. They repeat in sing-song concert :

WASH, wash the lady's dishes,
 Hang 'em out upon the bushes,
 When the bushes begin to crack
 Hang 'em on the beggar's back,
 When the beggar begins to run
 Shoot him with a leather gun !

Rhyme often used in "casting lots" to choose "catcher" or "seeker." The children join hands and circle slowly to the words, each dropping to the ground with the last line as quick as possible :

GREEN grow the rushes, O,
 Green grow the rushes O,
 Green grow the rushes O —
 (*Rapidly.*) One that squats last shall be blindfolded.

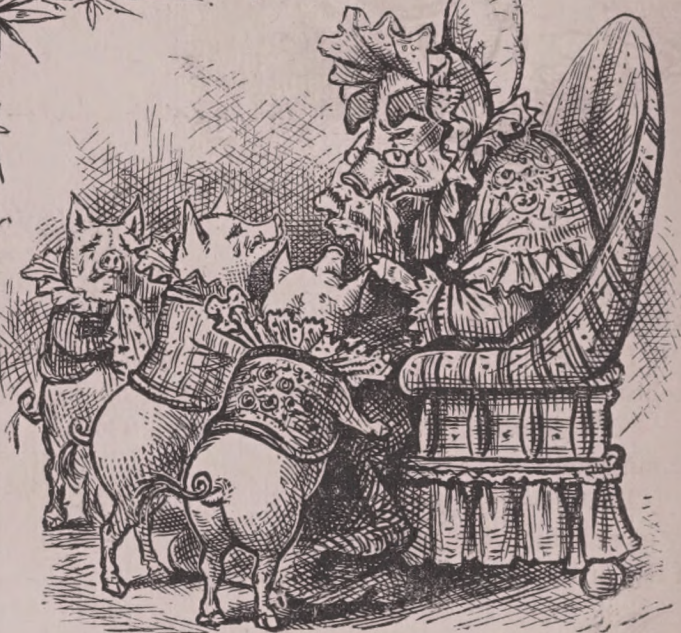


BETTY Pringle had a little pig,
 Not very little and not very big ;
 When alive he lived in clover,
 But now he's dead he's dead all over.
 So Billy Pringle he lay down and cried,
 And Betty Pringle she lay down and died ;
 So there was an end of one, two and three,
 Billy Pringle he,
 Betty Pringle she,
 And Piggy Wiggee.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

AH, very, very poor was she —
Old Dame Pig, with her children three !
Robust, beautiful little ones
Were those three sons,
Each wearing always, without fail,
A little fanciful knot in his tail.

But never enough of sour or sweet
Had they to eat ;
And so, one day, with a piteous squeak,
Did the mother speak :
“ My sons, your fortune you must seek ! ”
And out in the world, as they were sent,
The three pigs went.



But the pig replied,
“ No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin ! ”
The old wolf grumbled, and added beside,
“ Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in ! ”

He was gray and big,
And he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in,
And he ate up the poor little pig.



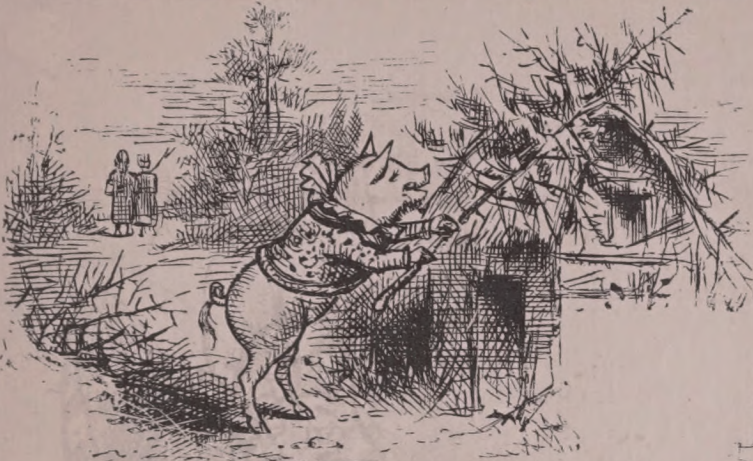
Trotting along, the first one saw
A man who carried a bundle of straw.
“ Give me some straw for a house and bed,”
The little pig said.

Straightway, not even waiting a bit,
The kind man did as he was bid ;
And the little pig built a house of it.

But he was no more than settled, before
A wolf came along and knocked at the door,
Tap-tap, and cried,
“ Little pig, little pig, let me come in ! ”



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS



He was fierce and big,
And he huffed and he puffed,
And he puffed and he huffed,
And he blew the house in,
And he ate up the poor little pig.

The very next day,
All blithe and gay,
The second little pig went marching away
To the world to find his fortune. And when
He met two men,
Who bore on their shoulders bunches of furze,
"My gentle sirs,
Give me some furze for a house and bed!"
The little pig said.
They gave it him freely, every whit,
And the little pig built a house of it.



And then the third little pig went out,
With his curly tail and his saucy snout,
Up to all kinds of pranks and tricks;
And he met a man with a load of bricks,
And he said, "I suppose
You are perfectly willing to give me those?"

By the begging he got them every one,
And in a trice
Was the house begun,
And very shortly the house was done,
Plastered and snug and nice.

But he could no more than get in before
The wolf came along and knocked at the door:
"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"
But the pig replied,
"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!"
Then the old wolf growled, and added beside,
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"

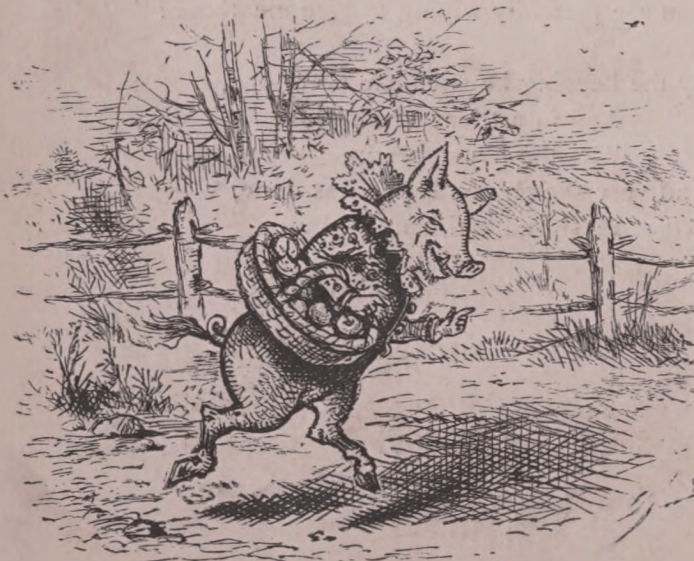


THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.



And along came the same wolf as before,
And knocked at the door,
Thump, thump, and cried,
“Little pig, little pig, let me come in!”
But the pig replied,
“No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!”
Then the wolf filled his cheeks out on each side,
Like a bellows, to blow,
And he howled, “O ho!
Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in!”

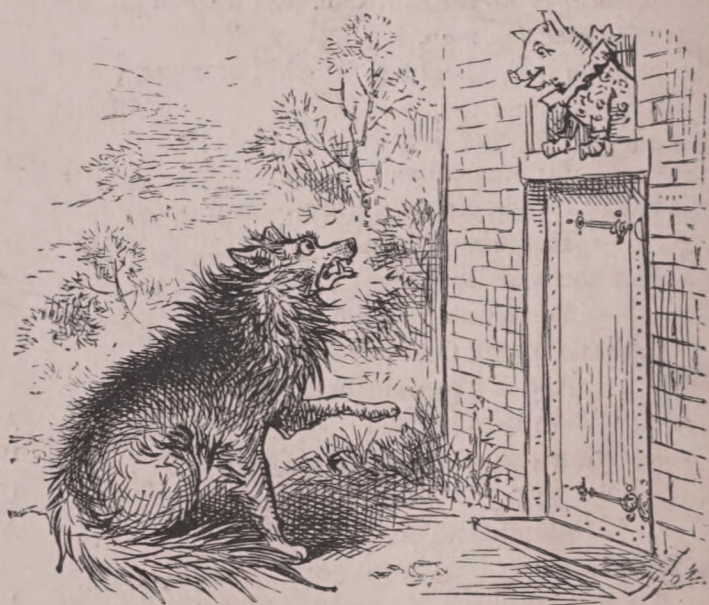
Well, he huffed and he puffed and he huffed,
And he puffed and he huffed and he puffed,
But with all his huffing,



And all his puffing,
The house would *not* fall in!

And so, despite
His appetite,
He was forced to go with never a bite,
And for once, at least, was cheated out
Of the little pig with the saucy snout.

Of the wily kind,
Though, he was, and he whined,
“I know, little pig, where we can find
Some nice fresh turnips!” Pig grunted, “Where?”
“O, over at Smith’s, in his home field —
It’s not far there.
If it’s pleasant weather
Shall we go together
To-morrow at six?” “Yes,” piggie squealed.



But what should the little pig contrive
But to rise at five
Next day, and to go through the early dew
To the field where the turnips grew;
They were plenty and sweet,
And he ate of them all he cared to eat,
And took enough for his dinner, and then
Went home again.

The wolf came promptly at six o’clock,
Gave a friendly knock,
And asked the pig, “Are you ready to go?”
“Why, I’d have you know
I’ve already been there, and beside
I’ve enough for dinner,” the pig replied.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.



The wolf saw then
He was cheated again ;
But, " I know where's a lovely apple tree,"
In a winsome voice said he.
And the wise little pig, from where he sat,
Peered out and smiled, " Where's that ?"
" At the Merry Garden ; if you'll be fair,
And it's pleasant weather,
We two together
At five in the morning will go there."

Ah, sly and cunning
The little pig was, for as early as four
He was out next day, and running, running,
Hoping to get the apples before
The wolf was up. But the apple-tree
Proved twice as far as he thought 'twould be.

He climbed the boughs in the greatest haste,
And thought to himself, " I'll only taste,
As a bit of a lunch."
But soon, crunch, crunch,
He had eaten a score — then what should he see
But the big gray wolf just under the tree !

Yes, there he stood,
Trying to look as meek as he could,
And he said, " Little pig, are the apples good ?"

Pig thought he should fall from where he sat,
So heavy his heart went pit-a-pat.
But he answered, " The nicest under the sun !
I'll throw down one !"

The wolf ran after it as he threw it,
And, before he knew it,
The pig was out of the tree, and as fleet
As his four little feet
Could scamper he fled,
On, into his house, while after him sped
The wolf, with a savage voice and face,
In a furious chase.
He was long and slim,
But the little pig proved too swift for him.



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.



Yet in due time — for I suppose
He was nearly starved — his pattering toes
Were heard again at the little pig's door.
Such a haunted look his visage wore,
When the tale he told
Of the beast that bumped and bounded and rolled,
Up hill, down hill, and everywhere,
And chased him away from the Shanklin Fair !

Then, with all his might,
The little pig laughed outright,
Giving a jocular, scornful shout
With his saucy snout,
As he cried, "O, how would you like to learn
'Twas a churn, and that I was in the churn !"

Then the wolf exclaimed, "I hate your tricks,
Your bolted door and your house of bricks !
I'll eat you anyway — that I'll do !
I'll come down the chimney after you !"

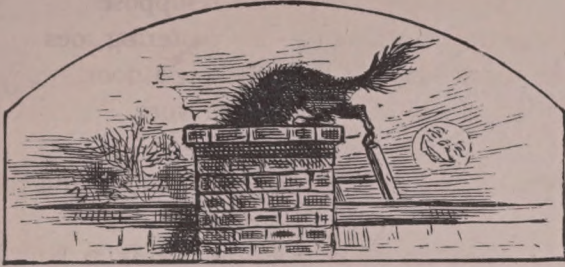
Still, he came again the very next day,
And he knocked and called "Little pig, I pray,
You will go to the Shanklin Fair with me.
Be ready, and I will call at three !"

Now the pig, as he had always done,
Got the start of the wolf, and went at one.
At the fair he bought him a butter churn,
And with it started out to return ;
But who should he meet —
The very first one he chanced to spy —
Upon the street,
But the wolf ! and it frightened him dreadfully.

So he crept inside
His churn to hide ;
It began to roll ; he began to ride ;
Around and around,
Along the ground,
He passed the wolf with a bump and bound.

He was frightened worse than he'd frightened the pig,
By the funny, rumbling rig ;
And he fled in dismay
Far out of his own and the little pig's way.





But the pig built a fire, high and hot,
And filled with water his dinner pot,
And just as the wolf came down the flue,
Scraping his ribs as he slipped through,
What did he do
But lift the cover, and let him fall
Into the pot — hide, hair and all !

And what next he did
Was to slide the lid
Quick over the pot ; “ It’s boiling hot —
It’ll maybe cook him, and maybe not,”
He cried in glee,
“ But I’ll let him be,
And when it is dinner-time I’ll see ! ”

That day he dined quite to his mind ;
And he mused to himself, “ I’m half inclined
To think, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin,
That *this* is the best way to take wolves in ! ”



JINGLES.

SOLOMON Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday ;
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

THERE was an old woman lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone she lives there still ;
Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman that never told lies.

BLOW, wind blow ! and go, mill go,
That the miller may grind his corn,
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.
So blow, wind, blow, and go, mill go !

THERE was an old woman, and what do you
think ?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink ;
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
Yet this grumbling old woman could never be quiet.

HIGGLEDY, Piggledy,
My black hen,
She lays eggs
For gentlemen ;



Sometimes nine,
And sometimes ten,
Higgledy, piggledy,
My black hen !

THE man in the moon
Came down too soon
And asked his way to Norwich ;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum-porridge.

THERE was a jolly miller
Lived on the River Dee,
Said he, I care for nobody,
If nobody cares for me.



LITTLE boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's
in the corn ;
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep ?
He's under the hay-stack fast asleep ;
Will you wake him ? No, not I.

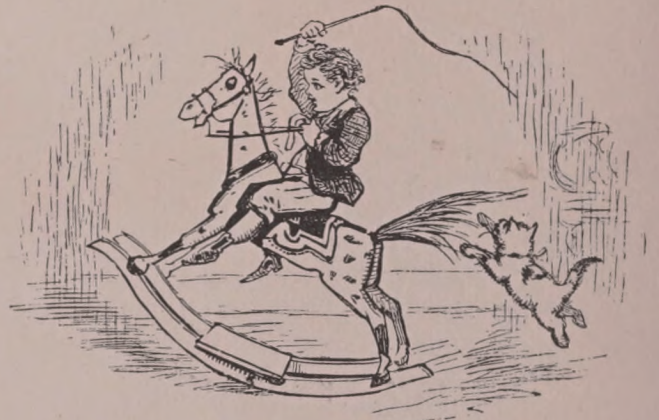
THREE little kittens lost their mittens ;
And they began to cry,
Oh ! mother dear, we very much fear
'That we have lost our mittens.
Lost your mittens ! you naughty kittens !
Then you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
No, you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

THERE was a man of our town,
And he was wondrous wise :
He jumped into a bramble-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes ;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

THE two gray kits,
And the gray kits' mother,
All went over
The bridge together.
The bridge broke down,
They all fell in,
" May the rats go with you."
Says Tom Bowlin.

I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple Gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire :
I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.



RIDE a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a young woman jump on a white
horse ;
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

JACK AND JILL.

LITTLE boys, sit still —
Girls, too, if you will —
And let me tell you of Jack and Jill;
For I think another
Such sister and brother
Were never the children of one mother!

For an idle lad,
As he was, Jack had
No traits, after all, that were very bad.
He was simply Jack,
With the coat on his back
Parched up in all colors from gray to black.

Both feet were bare;
And I do declare
That he never washed his face; and his hair
Was the color of straw —
You never saw
Such a crop — as long as the moral law!

When he went to school,
It was the rule
To send him at once,
So thick was his scone,
To the block that was kept for the greatest dunce.

And Jill! no lass
Scarce ever has
Made bigger tracks on the country grass;
For her only fun
Was to romp and run,
Bare-headed, bare-footed, in wind and sun.

Wherever went Jack,
Close on his track,
With hair unbraided and down her back,
Loud-voiced and shrill,
She followed, until
No one said "Jack" without saying "Jill."

But to succeed
In teaching to read
Such a harum-scarum, was work indeed!
And I'm forced to tell
That her way to spell
Her name was with only a single 'l.'



*This is Jack,
his picture.*



Little boys sit still.



*Jill her
marks*



Wherever went Jack Close on his track.



JACK AND JILL.



JINGLES.

LITTLE king Boggen, he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black puddings and
white,
And slated with pancakes — you ne'er saw the like.

HOW many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

PRETTY John Watts,
We are troubled with rats,
Will you drive them out of the house?
We have mice too in plenty,
That feast in the pantry —
But let them stay and nibble away,
What harm in a little brown mouse?

RIGADOON, rigadoon, now let him fly,
Sit upon mother's foot, jump him up high!

AFARMER went trotting upon his gray mare,
Bumpety bumpety bump,
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
Lumpety lumpety lump.

A raven cried croak, and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety bumpety bump;
The mare broke her knees and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety lumpety lump.

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety bumpety bump,
And vowed he would serve them the same next day,
Lumpety lumpety lump.

Perhaps of all lullabies this is the most universal:



ROCK-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, bough, cradle and all.

JINGLES,

This is almost as well known :

BYE, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
Mother's gone to buy a skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

In another version the last two lines read.

All to buy a rabbit skin,
To wrap up baby bunting in.



A favorite lullaby in the north of England fifty years ago, and perhaps still heard. The last word is pronounced *bee*.

HUSH-a-bye, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to see thee weep,
For when thou weep'st thou wearies me,
Hush-a-bye, lie still and bye.



ROCK-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen,
Betty's a lady and wears a gold ring,
And Johnny's a drummer and drums for the king.

MARY, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells,
And cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all of a row.

LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a little spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

PUSSY sits behind the log,
How can she be fair?
Then comes in the little dog,
Pussy, are you there?
So, so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how do you do;
' I thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now:
How are you?

PETER, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And then he kept her very well.
Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had another and didn't love her:
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.



LITTLE BO-BEEP

WHAT was Bo-Peep? Can anyone guess?
Why, little Bo-Peep was a shepherdess!
And she dressed in a short white petticoat,
And a kirtle of blue, with a looped-up look,
And a snowy kerchief about her throat,
And held in her hand a crook.



What eyes she had, the little Bo-Peep!
They had tears to laugh with, and tears to weep.
So fringy, and shy, and blue, and sweet,
That even the summer skies in color,
Or the autumn gentians under her feet,
Less tender were and duller.

Now, a shepherdess ought to watch her sheep;
But the careless little girl, Bo-Peep,
Was hunting for late wild strawberries,
The sweetest her tongue had ever tasted;
They were few in number, and small in size,
Too good, though, to be wasted.

And in that way the little Bo-Peep,
The first she knew, had lost her sheep!
To the top of the nearest knoll she ran,
The better to look the pasture over;
She shaded her face, and called, "Nan! Nan!"
But none of them could discover.



About and about went little Bo-Peep;
Her feet grew tired, the hills were steep;
And in trying her fears to overcome
She sighed, "I don't know where to find 'em.
But let 'em alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind 'em!"

So down sat trustful little Bo-Peep,
And in a minute was fast asleep!
Arm over her head, and her finger-ends
All red with the fruit she had been eating;
While her thoughts were only of her lost friends,
And she dreamed she heard them bleating.

'Twas a happy dream for little Bo-Peep;
As she lay on the grass, her flock of sheep,
With scatter and clatter and patter of feet,
Came hastening from all ways hither, thither;
First one would bleat, then another would bleat,
Then "b-a-a — a-a!" all together!



LITTLE BO-PEEP.



Yet all of them stood, and tried to keep
At a little distance from Bo-Peep !

They knew her voice, and were very glad
To have her come with her crook to find them,
But they felt so strangely because they had
Not a single tail behind them.

The innocent-faced old mother-sheep,
Who bleated and stamped to greet Bo-Peep,
With their tails shorn close, were odd enough ;
But the very oddest of all was when a
Group of the lambs went galloping off,
All legs, and hadn't any !

Though sorry enough was little Bo-Peep
That the tails were lost from her pretty sheep,
She murmured, " I'll find them easily,
And there's very little good in crying ! "
So away she went, and at last, in a tree,
She saw them hung a-drying !

But ah, it was only while Bo-Peep
Was tired enough to stay asleep
That her flock was with her ; for when she woke,
Rubbing her eyes to see the clearer,
She found that her dream was all a joke,
And they were nowhere near her.

Tearful and sorrowful grew Bo-Peep !
Down from her lashes the tears would creep ;
But she started out, as there was need,
Before it should be too dark to find them ;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them !

Did she laugh or cry, our little Bo-Peep,
To see such a comical crowd of sheep ?
There were plenty of bodies, white and fat ;
And plenty of wide mouths, eating, eating ;
Plenty of soft wool, and all that ;
And plenty of noisy bleat ng ;

She piled them up in a great white heap,
And the best she could do, poor little Bo-Peep !
Was to try to fasten them where they grew —
Or that was, at least, what she intended, —
But if she did it I never knew,
For now my story is ended !



JINGLES.

LITTLE Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper ;
What shall he eat ?
White bread and butter



How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife ?
How will he be married,
Without e'er a wife ?

THIS is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest, all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

JINGLES.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
 That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
 That married the man all tattered and torn,
 That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
 That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
 That tossed the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That killed the rat,
 That ate the malt,
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer who sowed the corn,
 That fed the cock that crowed in the morn,
 That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
 That married the man all tattered and torn,
 That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
 That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
 That tossed the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That killed the rat,
 That ate the malt,
 That lay in the house that Jack built.



THERE was an old woman tossed up in a
 blanket
 Nineteen times high as the moon ;
 Yet whither she went I could not tell
 For in her hand she carried a broom ;
 Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
 Oh whither, oh whither, oh whither so high ?
 To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky,
 And I'll be back again by-and-by.

HARK, hark,
 The dogs do bark,
 Beggars are coming to town ;
 Some in jags,
 Some in rags,
 And some in velvet gowns.



BESSY kept the garden gate,
 And Mary kept the pantry ;
 Bessy always had to wait,
 While Mary lived in plenty.

THREE children sliding on the ice
 Upon a summer's day ;
 It so fell out, they all fell in,
 The rest they ran away.

Now had those children been at home,
 Or sliding on dry ground,
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny
 They had not all been drowned.

Now parents, all that children have,
 And you that have got none,
 If you would have them safe abroad,
 Pray keep them safe at home.

DAME FIDGET AND HER SILVER PENNY.

VERIFIED BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

A WEE, wee woman
Was little old Dame Fidget,
And she lived by herself
In a wee, wee room,
And early every morning,
So tidy was her habit,
She began to sweep it out
With a wee, wee broom.



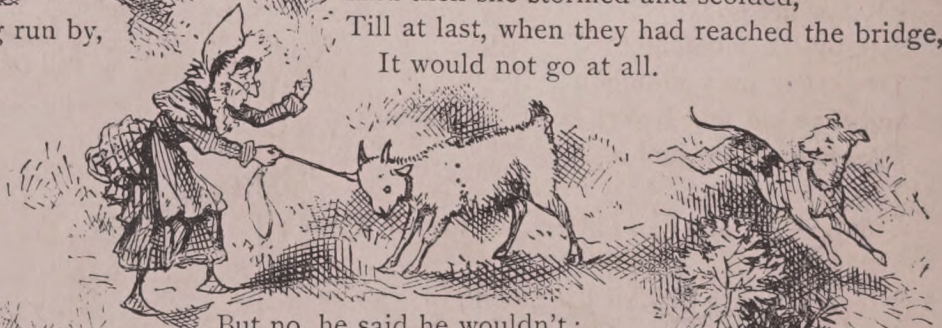
To sweep for the cinders,
Though never were there any,
She whisked about, and brushed about,
Humming like a bee;
When, odd enough, one day
She found a silver penny,
Shining in a corner,
As bright as bright could be.

She eyed it, she took it
Between her thumb and finger;
She put it in the sugar bowl
And quickly shut the lid;
And after planning over carefully
The way to spend it,
She resolved to go to market
And to buy herself a kid.



And that she did next day; but, ah,
The kid proved very lazy!
And it moved toward home so slowly
She could scarcely see it crawl;
At first she coaxed and petted it,
And then she stormed and scolded,
Till at last, when they had reached the bridge,
It would not go at all.

Just then Dame Fidget saw a dog run by,
And whistled to him,
And cried:—"Pray dog bite kid,
Kid won't go!
I see by the moonlight
'Tis almost midnight,
And time kid and I were home
Half an hour ago!"



But no, he said he wouldn't;
So to the stick she pleaded:—
"Pray stick beat dog, dog won't bite kid,
Kid won't go!
I see by the moonlight
'Tis almost midnight,
And time kid and I were home
Half an hour ago!"





But the fire only smoked,
So she turned and begged the water :—
“Pray water quench fire, fire won’t burn stick,
Stick won’t beat dog, dog won’t bite kid,
Kid won’t go!
I see by the moonlight
’Tis already midnight,
And time kid and I were home
An hour and a half ago!”

But the stick didn’t stir,
So she called upon the fire :—
“Pray fire burn stick, stick won’t beat dog,
Dog won’t bite kid,
Kid won’t go!
And I see by the moonlight
’Tis almost midnight,
And time kid and I were home
Half an hour ago!”



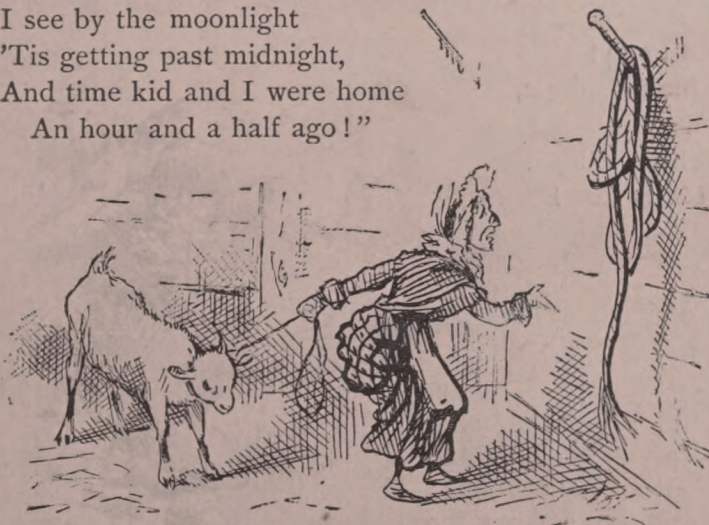
“Ha, ha!” the water gurgled,
So to the ox appealing :—
“Pray ox drink water, water won’t quench fire,
Fire won’t burn stick, stick won’t beat dog,
Dog won’t bite kid,
Kid won’t go!
And I see by the moonlight
’Tis already midnight,
And time kid and I were home
An hour and a half ago!”



But the ox bellowed “no!”
So she shouted to the butcher :—
“Pray butcher kill ox, ox won’t drink water,
Water won’t quench fire, fire won’t burn stick,
Stick won’t beat dog, dog won’t bite kid,
Kid won’t go!
I see by the moonlight
’Tis getting past midnight,
And time kid and I were home
An hour and a half ago!”

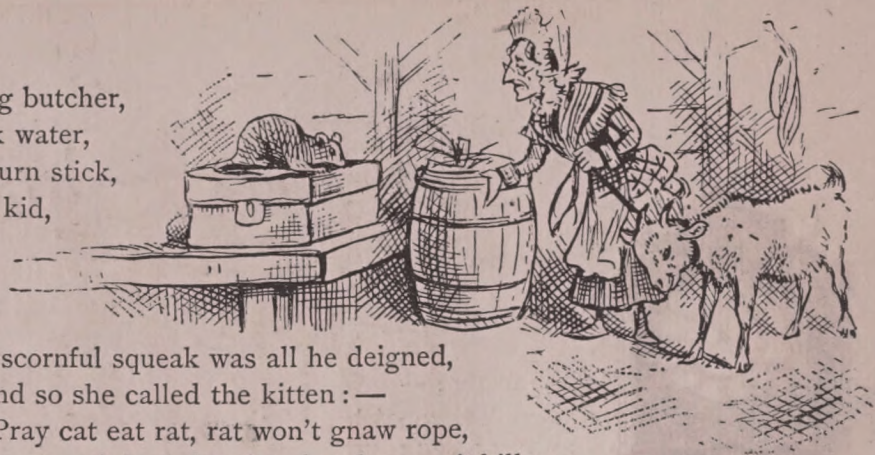


But the butcher only laughed at her,
And to the rope she hurried :—
“Pray rope hang butcher, butcher won’t kill ox,
Ox won’t drink water, water won’t quench fire,
Fire won’t burn stick, stick won’t beat dog,
Dog won’t bite kid,
Kid won’t go!
And I see by the moonlight
’Tis getting past midnight,
And time kid and I were home
An hour and a half ago.”



The rope swayed round for "nay!"
 So to the rat she beckoned:—
 "Pray rat gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher,
 Butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water,
 Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick,
 Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid,

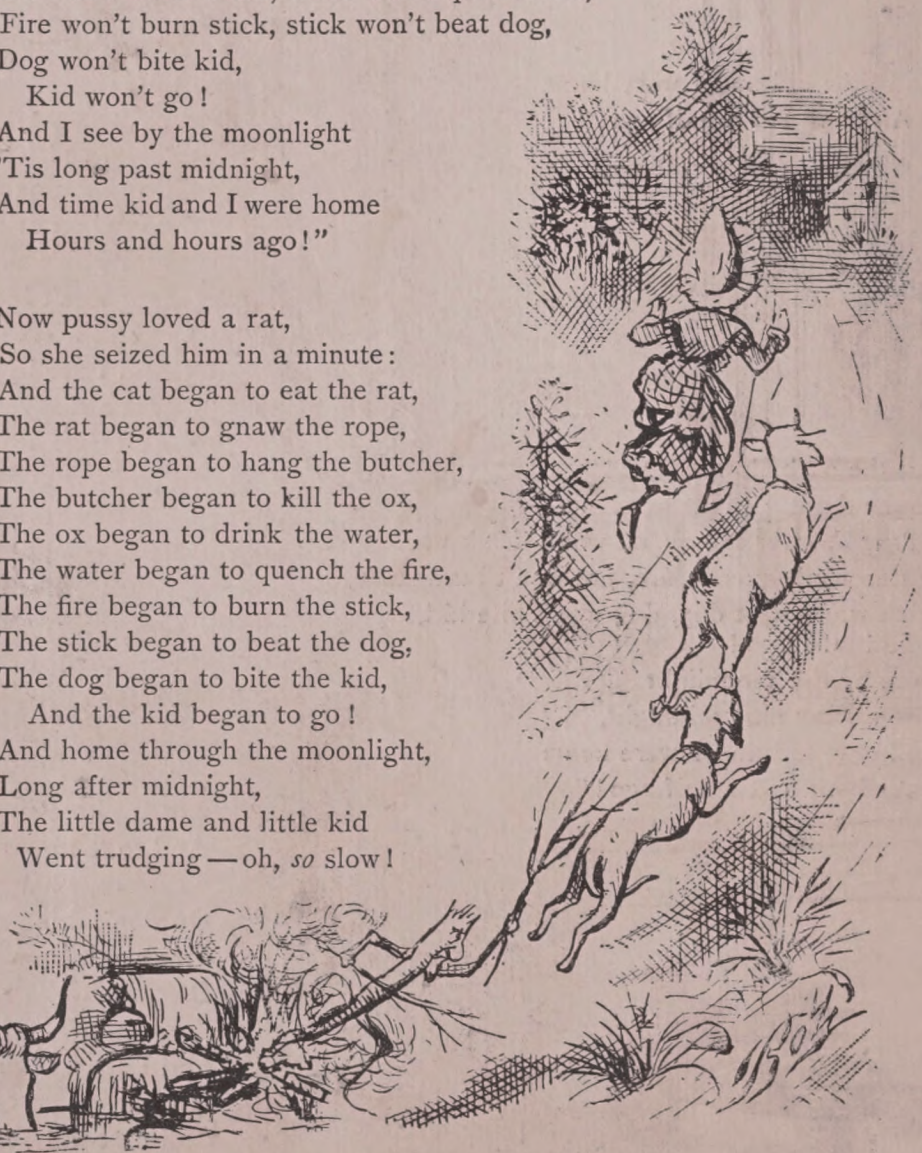
Kid won't go!
 And I see by the moonlight
 'Tis long past midnight,
 And time kid and I were home
 A couple of hours ago!"



A scornful squeak was all he deigned,
 And so she called the kitten:—
 "Pray cat eat rat, rat won't gnaw rope,
 Rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox,
 Ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire,
 Fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog,
 Dog won't bite kid,

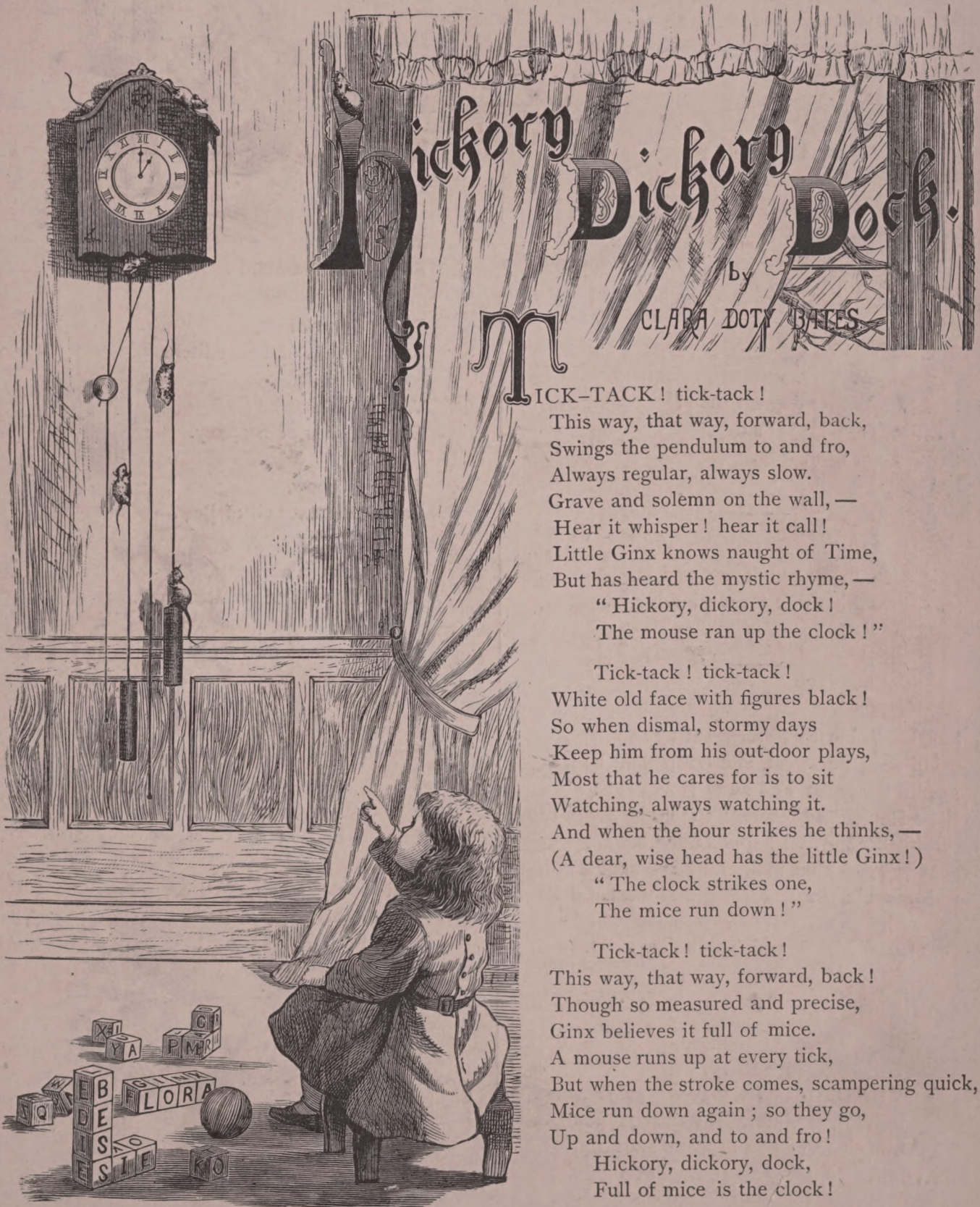
Kid won't go!
 And I see by the moonlight
 'Tis long past midnight,
 And time kid and I were home
 Hours and hours ago!"

Now pussy loved a rat,
 So she seized him in a minute:
 And the cat began to eat the rat,
 The rat began to gnaw the rope,
 The rope began to hang the butcher,
 The butcher began to kill the ox,
 The ox began to drink the water,
 The water began to quench the fire,
 The fire began to burn the stick,
 The stick began to beat the dog,
 The dog began to bite the kid,
 And the kid began to go!
 And home through the moonlight,
 Long after midnight,
 The little dame and little kid
 Went trudging—oh, so slow!





Hippity hop
To the Barber's Shop,
To buy a stick of candy.



Hickory Dickory Dock.

by

CLARA DOTY BATES

T

ICK-TACK! tick-tack!

This way, that way, forward, back,
Swings the pendulum to and fro,
Always regular, always slow.
Grave and solemn on the wall, —
Hear it whisper! hear it call!
Little Ginx knows naught of Time,
But has heard the mystic rhyme, —
“Hickory, dickory, dock!
The mouse ran up the clock!”

Tick-tack! tick-tack!

White old face with figures black!
So when dismal, stormy days
Keep him from his out-door plays,
Most that he cares for is to sit
Watching, always watching it.
And when the hour strikes he thinks, —
(A dear, wise head has the little Ginx!)
“The clock strikes one,
The mice run down!”

Tick-tack! tick-tack!

This way, that way, forward, back!
Though so measured and precise,
Ginx believes it full of mice.
A mouse runs up at every tick,
But when the stroke comes, scampering quick,
Mice run down again; so they go,
Up and down, and to and fro!
Hickory, dickory, dock,
Full of mice is the clock!

JINGLES.



BOW, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow.

JACK in the pulpit, out and in,
Sold his wife for a minikin-pin.

LITTLE Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy-cat and away Robin ran:
Says little Robin Red-breast, "Catch me if you can."
Little Robin Red-breast hopped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall.
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy
say?
Pussy-cat said "Mew," and Robin flew away.

HANDY-Spandy, Jack-a-Dandy
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy.
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And pleased, away went, hop, hop, hon.

YOU owe me five shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I do not know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

Two sticks in an apple,
Ring the bells of Whitechapel.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles.

Old shoes and slippers,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

JOG on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily jump the stile, boys:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile, boys.

JINGLES.

I HAD a little hen,
The prettiest ever seen,
She washed me the dishes,
And kept the house clean.
She went to the mill,
To fetch me some flour,
And always got it home
In less than an hour.
She baked me my bread,
She brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire,
And told many a fine tale.

HERE'S A, B, C, D,
E, F, and G,
H, I, J, K,
L, M, N, O, P,
Q, R, S, T,
U, V, W,
X, Y, and Z.
And oh, dear me,
When shall I learn
My A, B, C?



CROSS patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin ;
Take a cup
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in.

The original of the "Three Blind Mice," set to music, was published in London in 1609.

THREE blind mice, see how they run !
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife,
Did you ever see such fools in your life ?



AS I was going along, long, long,
A singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sung was so long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.

THERE was a little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay ;
A calf came out, and smelt about,
And the little boy ran away.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail :
Niddle noddle went his head,
And waggle went his tail.



ONCE on a time there was a fagot-maker,
And he had seven sons.
Who could be aught but poor to feed and shelter
So many little ones?

For all were merely lads ; not one was able
To earn the crust of bread,
Though scant it might be, coarse and black and humble,
With which he must be fed.

And, worst of all, the youngest one was puny,
So odd, and still, and slight,
That father, mother, and the other brothers,
Thought him not over bright.

So small he was when he was born, so tiny
Since then he had become,
That — for he was no bigger than your finger —
They called him Hop-o'-my-Thumb.

Now at this time, for days and days together,
There fell no drop of rain ;
The corn shrunk on the stalks ; and in the sunshine
Rustled the shriveled grain ;

As if a fire had swept across the meadows
They shriveled in the drouth ;
And what this meant for the poor fagot-maker
Was famine, without doubt.

One night he sat before a smouldering fire,
His head bowed down with grief,
Trying with those weak wits of his to compass
Some scheme for their relief.

His wife above the feeble embers hovered,
And wrung her toil-hard hands ;
She knew there was no help for their starvation,
No hope in making plans.



HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.

At last he spoke : " Ah, bad luck to the trying,
I cannot find them food !
To-morrow morning with me to the forest
I'll take the little brood !

" I cannot bear to watch this piece-meal starving,
So, while they run and play,
Or gather fagots for me, or pick berries
To eat, I'll come away ! "

" Oh ! " groaned the wife, " I'm sure the wolves will
eat them,
Poor dears — poor little dears !
Yet do as you think best — we all must perish ! "
Then went to bed in tears.

Meanwhile, though all the rest were sleeping soundly,
Hop-o'-my-Thumb had heard,
And at the thought of wolves and woods, in terror
His little heart was stirred ;

And so he lay and planned ; and early dressed him,
And ran with all his might
Down to the river, where he filled his pockets
With pebbles small and white.

And, as they started for the wood, he lingered
Somewhat behind, and when
They came to dismal places, dropped in secret
A pebble now and then.



Thick grew the trees ; 'twas twilight in their shadows,
Although broad day without ;
But gay the laddies at the fagot-picking
Went scampering about,

And chattering like a flock of busy sparrows ;
Till, having hungry grown,
They turned to ask their mother for their dinner,
And found they were alone !



Then all but Hop-o'-my-Thumb wailed out affrighted.
" Don't cry so hard ! " said he.
" I'll find the path, if you'll but keep together
And try to follow me ! "

By the white stones strewn on the dead pine needles,
Though night had fallen, he soon
Led the way out, and spied their humble cottage,
Low lying 'neath the moon.



HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.

They hurried near, and, pausing at the window,
Hop-o'-my-Thumb climbed up,
And peeped within ; his father and his mother
Were just about to sup.

Some one had paid them two gold guineas
On an old debt ; and when
They went for beef for two, they were so hungry
They bought enough for ten.

Quick as a flash the ravenous seven went rushing
Pell-mell into the house,
Nor left, of the fine roast upon the table,
Enough to feed a mouse.

It all went well long as the money lasted.
When that was gone, once more
The father planned to take them to the forest,
And leave them as before.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who heard again the plotting,
Crept from his trundle-bed,
But in the place of pebbles in his pockets
Put only crumbs of bread.



Again they went, through brier and through thicket,
Into the darksome wood ;
Again he dropped his clues along the pathway
Behind him when he could.

But when once more they found themselves deserted,
And little Hop-o'-my-Thumb
Felt sure to lead them out, he found the finches
Had eaten every crumb !

Then what to do ! They wandered hither, thither,
For hours in dread and fear,
Until at last they saw, with fitful glimmer,
A feeble light appear.

It shone but faintly, like a single candle,
But, trudging towards the ray,
They reached a house and knocked ; the door was
opened.

After a brief delay,

And a kind woman asked them what they wanted.
They said : "To stay all night."

"Run, run away ! The faster you run the better !"
She answered in affright.





"An Ogre lives here, cruel and bloody minded!
He eats up little boys!
Run, run! I hear him coming from the mountains,
I know him by the noise!"

"But we can't run, we are so faint and tired!"
Hop-o'-my-Thumb began —
"Tis all the same whether the wolves shall eat us,
Or your good gentleman."

And so she took them in, fed them, and hid them
All underneath her bed;
And in a minute more they heard approaching,
Tramp! tramp! an awful tread!

It was the Ogre coming home; his supper
Was steaming nice and hot, —
Two calves upon a spit, ten rabbits roasting,
A whole sheep in the pot.

He banged the door wide open, sniffed and snorted,
Then, in a dreadful voice,
Roared out, while his poor wife stood by and trembled,
"I smell seven little boys!"

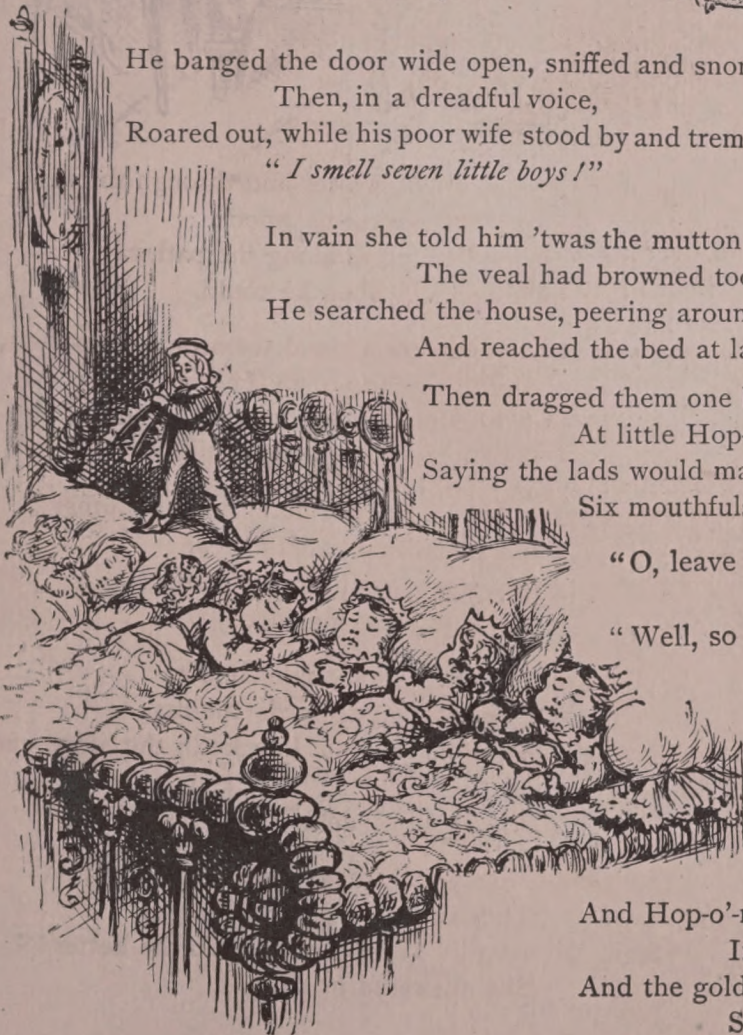
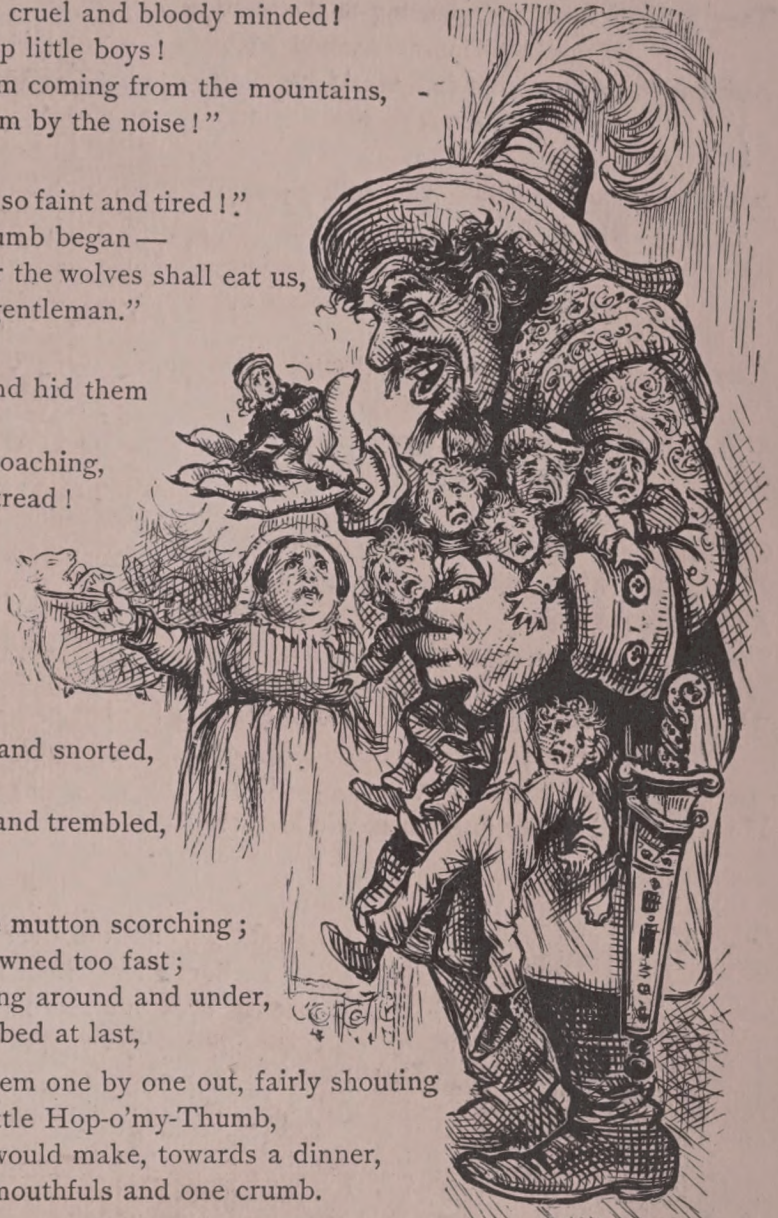
In vain she told him 'twas the mutton scorching;
The veal had browned too fast;
He searched the house, peering around and under,
And reached the bed at last,

Then dragged them one by one out, fairly shouting
At little Hop-o'-my-Thumb,
Saying the lads would make, towards a dinner,
Six mouthfuls and one crumb.

"O, leave them till to-morrow!" cried the woman;
"You've meat enough to-night."
"Well, so I have," he said, "I'll wait a little.
Ah! ugh! they're plump and white."

Now it so chanced the Ogre had seven daughters,
And all slept in one bed,
In a large room, and each wore for a nightcap
A gold crown on her head.

And Hop-o'-my-Thumb, when all the house was quiet,
Into their chamber crept,
And the gold head-bands for himself and brothers
Stole from them while they slept.



HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.



Wicked and sly it was ; he knew the Ogre
Would, no doubt, rise at dawn,
And, being but half awake, would kill the children
Who had no night-caps on.



And, sure enough, he did ! He was so drowsy,
And fogs so veiled the sun,
That, whetting up a huge, broad-bladed dagger,
He slew them, every one.

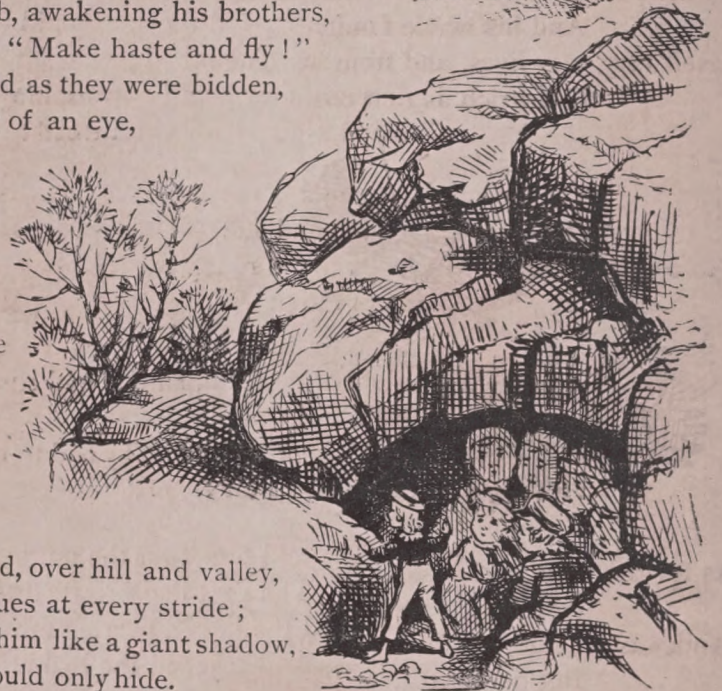
Then Hop-o'-my-Thumb, awakening his brothers,
Whispered : " Make haste and fly ! "
Without a word they did as they were bidden,
In twinkling of an eye,

Out in the drizzly mist of a gray morning,
Off through the chill and dew,
And none too soon ! Within an hour the Ogre
His dreadful blunder knew.

" Wife, fetch my seven-league boots at once ! " he
shouted ;

" I'll catch the vipers yet ! "

He stamped his feet into the magic leather
With many a muttered threat ;



And off he started, over hill and valley,
Seven leagues at every stride ;
The children saw him like a giant shadow,
But they could only hide.



He scoured the country, rumbling like a tempest ;
Far, near, they heard his roar,
Until at last his seven-league feet grew tired,
And he could go no more.

And down he lay to rest him for a minute —
The day had grown so hot —
Close to a rock where lay the seven children,
Although he knew it not.

Hop-o'-my-thumb spoke softly to his brothers :
" Run ! fast as ever you can,
And leave me to take care of Mr. Ogre."
And hurry-scurry they ran.

And Hop-o'-my-Thumb, creeping from out his crevice,
With greatest caution drew
The Ogre's boots off (these would shrink or widen
Just as you wished them to),

HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.

And put them on himself. Then he decided
To hasten to the king ;
And, as he traveled towards the royal palace,
Each boot was like a wing.

There was a war. The king had need of service
In carrying the news.
He heard his tale, and said, "I'll use this fellow
Who wears the magic shoes."

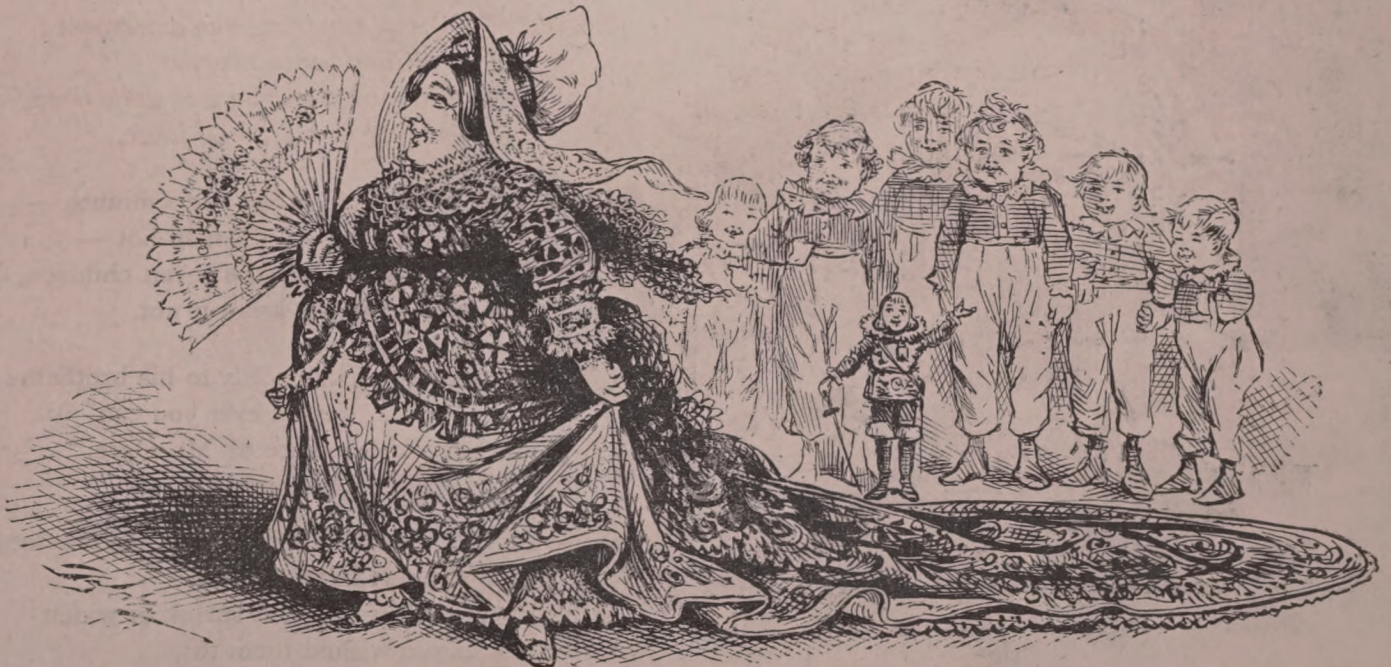
So little Hop-o'-my-Thumb made mints of money,
And his whole family
Lived very easy lives, and from his bounty
Grew rich as rich could be.



As for the Ogre, in his sleep he tumbled
Down from that ledge of rock,
And was so bumped and bruised he never rallied,
But perished from the shock.



And Hop-o'-my-Thumb, whose influence in high places
Was certain to prevail,
Made the kind Ogress, who had hidden and fed them,
Duchess of Draggletail.



JINGLES.

THERE was a piper who had a cow,
But he had no hay to give her ;
So he took his pipes and played a tune,
Consider, old cow, consider !

The cow considered very well,
For she gave the piper a penny
That he might play the tune again
Of "Corn rigs are bonnie."



JACK Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so, betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

SOME mice sat in a barn to spin,
Pussy came by and popped her head in,
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"
"Oh, no, kind sir, you'll snap our heads off."



IF all the world was apple pie
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

WHO killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin."

Who saw him die?
"I," said the Fly,
"With my little eye,
And I saw him die."

Who caught his blood?
"I," said the Fish,
"With my little dish,
And I caught his blood."

Who made his shroud?
"I," said the Beetle,
"With my little needle,
And I made his shroud."



The little Boy in the Barn,
Lay down on some hay.
The Owl came out,
and flew about,
And the little Boy ran away.

Who shall dig his grave ?

"I," said the Owl,

"With my spade and showl,
And I'll dig his grave."

Who'll be the parson ?

"I," said the Rook,

"With my little book,
And I'll be the parson,"

Who'll be the clerk ?

"I," said the Lark,

"If it's not in the dark,
And I'll be the clerk."

Who'll carry him to the grave ?

"I," said the Kite,

"If 'tis not in the night,
And I'll carry him to his grave."

Who'll carry the link ?

"I," said the Linnet,

"I'll fetch it in a minute,
And I'll carry the link."

Who'll be the chief mourner ?

"I," said the Dove,

"I mourn for my love,
And I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll bear the pall ?

"We," said the Wren,

Both the cock and the hen,
"And we'll bear the pall."

Who'll sing a psalm ?

"I," said the Thrush,

As she sat in a bush,
"And I'll sing a psalm."

And who'll toll the bell ?

"I," said the Bull,

"Because I can pull ;"
And so, Cock Robin, farewell.

All the birds in the air

Fell to sighing and sobbing,

When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

IF all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be !

And if all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be !

And if all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be !

And if all the men were one man,
What a great man he would be !

And if the great man took the great axe
And cut down the great tree

And let it fall into the great sea,
What a splish-splash that would be !

TOM Brown's two little Indian boys,
One ran away,

The other wouldn't stay —
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

This brief biography of Jack Horner seems to be all-sufficient to children, and yet the redoubtable boy did other things as worthy of commemoration as "pulling out a plum." That achievement was only one of his "Witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks plaied from his youth to his riper years," that are set down in a history, of which this is but a fragment. The rhyme is founded upon an old tale of "Jack and his step-dame."

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum
And said "What a brave boy am I !"



The Babes in the Wood



COME, list to my story,
More sorry, by far,
To her who must tell it,
And you who will hear it,
Than all others are !

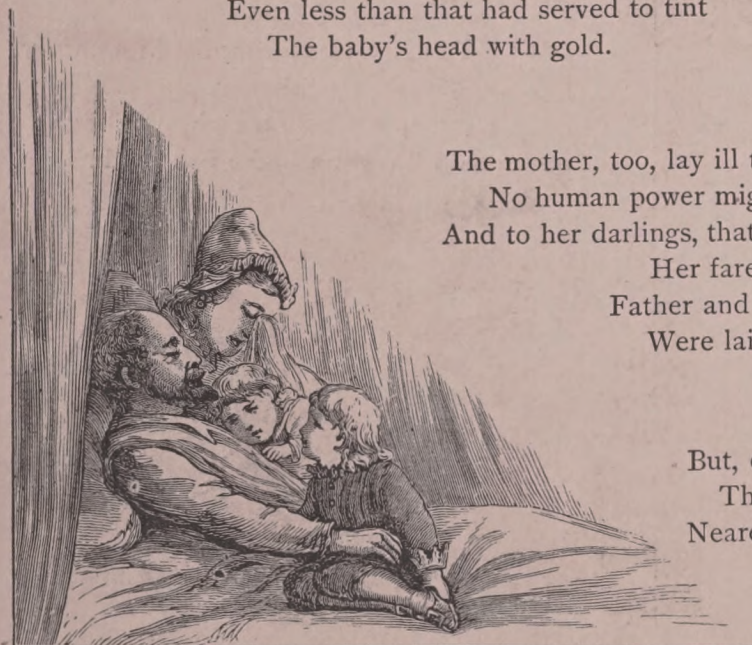
'Tis the darling of each, who
Has spirit so mild
As to grieve for the Human —
The sad man or woman,
Or desolate child !

Of eyes, my dear children,
Yours are not the first,
Through whose teary lashes,
In soft, pitying splashes,
The warm drops have burst

At hearing it. Many,
For hundreds of years,
Have in the same fashion
Their heartfelt compassion
Shown thus—with their tears !

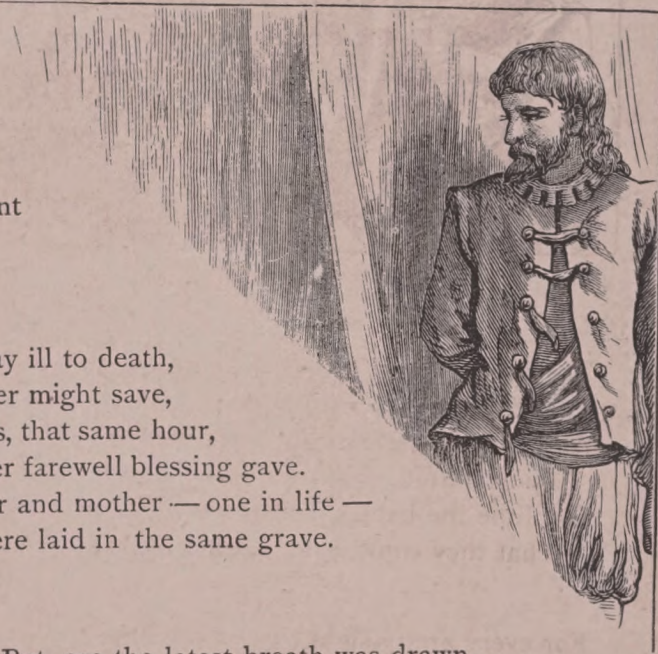
A dying father in his arms
Two children did enfold.
The eldest one, a little boy.

Was only three years old ;
Even less than that had served to tint
The baby's head with gold.



The mother, too, lay ill to death,
No human power might save,
And to her darlings, that same hour,
Her farewell blessing gave.
Father and mother — one in life —
Were laid in the same grave.

But, ere the latest breath was drawn,
The father's brother came —
Nearest of kin, upon whose love
The orphaned ones had claim —
And he made oath to cherish them
As his own blood and name.



The will devised three hundred pounds
A year unto the son,
Three hundred, on her marriage-day,
To Jane, the little one.
Thus it was from the uncle's greed
That trouble first begun.

For if, by chance, they both should die,
He was to have their gold ;
He felt no love for either child —
His heart was hard and cold.
And, while he promised fair, he planned
A scheme both bad and bold.



A twelvemonth did his darksome mind
Plot for the dreadful deed.
Two brutal ruffians he hired
To help him in his need ;
And yet, so secret were his ways,
None knew to intercede.

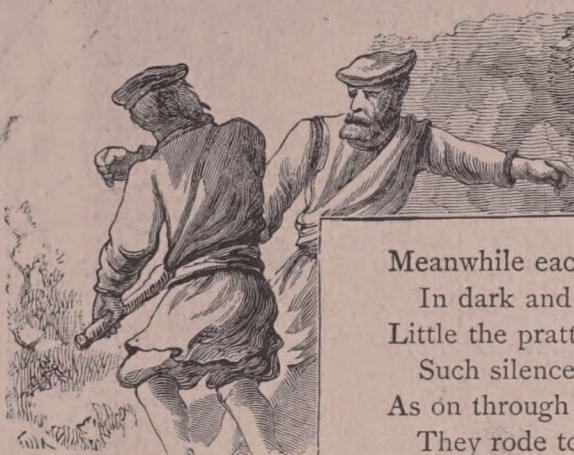
He formed a wily, plausible tale,
And told it everywhere,
How the two children were to go,
Under the best of care —
Two friends of his — for holiday
To London, for the fair.

The horses stood before the gate,
The ruffians twain astride ;
And gay with scarlet girth and rein
They started, side by side.
O, blithe the babies' spirits were,
That they could have a ride !

For every pretty sight they saw,
For every sound they heard,
The boy had noisy laugh or shout,
The girl had winsome word —
He questioned, never satisfied,
She chattered like a bird.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.



Meanwhile each ruffian surly sat,
In dark and restless mood ;
Little the prattlers, in their joy,
Such silence understood,
As on through the warm early day
They rode towards the wood.

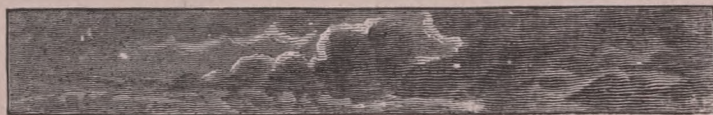


They reached the leafy wilderness,
And then the way grew wild ;
But ever with new glee the babes
The gathering gloom beguiled.
Until, at last, quite cheered and won,
One of the ruffians smiled.

For blows fell, and the kindly one
Dropped to the earth and died !
The children sank upon the ground,
Trembling and terrified,
And clung together, wondering,
And moaned, and sobbed, and cried.

Love had o'ercome within his breast
His wicked avarice.
"I will *not* kill the little things,"
He said, "for any price !"
Then passed hot words between the two,
But only once or twice,

Then he who lived led them away,
Both shivering with dread ;
They begged for food ; he paused a space ;
"Stay here awhile," he said,
"And I will go into the town
At once, and fetch you bread."



He went. In their sweet innocence
They trusted to his word ;
Meanwhile, the sparkling morning sun
With a grey cloud was blurred ;
And long, in vain, they waited there,
Nor cried again, nor stirred !



